



Designed by R. Smith

Engraved by R. Smith

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Edinburgh: Printed for J. & A. Cadell, at the Sign of the Ship, 1799.



*Wm Hume*  
A *1807*

COLLECTION

OF

SCOTS PROVERBS,

MORE COMPLETE AND CORRECT THAN  
ANY HERETOFORE PUBLISHED.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

A TALE OF THREE BONNETS;

AND

VERSES ON THE BANNANTYNE  
MANUSCRIPT.

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By ALLAN RAMSAY.

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*FOX POPULI, FOX DEI,*

THAT MAUN BE TRUE THAT A' MEN SAY.

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EDINBURGH:

PRINTED FOR ARCH. CONSTABLE, EDINBURGH;  
AND STEWART & MEIKLE, GLASGOW.

1797.





## DEDICATION.

TO THE

TENANTRY OF SCOTLAND,

FARMERS of the DALES, and STOREMASTERS  
of the HILLS.

WORTHY FRIENDS,

THE following hoard of *Wise Sayings*, and observations of our forefathers, which have been gathering through mony bygane ages, I have collected with great care, and restored to their proper sence, which had been frequently tint by publishers that did not understand our landwart language, particularly a late large book of them, fou of errors, in a stile neither

A

*Scots* nor *Englisb*. Having set them to rights, I could not think them better bestow'd than to dedicate them to you, wha best ken their meaning, moral use, pith, and beauty. Some among the gentle vulgar, that are *mair nice than wise*, may startle at the braidness, or (as they name it), coarse expressions. But that is not worth our tenting; a brave man can be as meritorious in hodden-gray as in velvet.

As naithing helps our happiness mair than to have the mind made up with right principles, I desire you, for the thriving and pleasure of you and yours, to use your een, and lend your lugs to these good *auld says*, that shine with wail'd sense, and will as lang as the world wags. Gar your bairns get them by heart; let them have a place among your family-books; and may never a window sole through the country be without them. On a spare hour, when the day is clear, behind a ruck, or on the green howm, draw the treasure frae your pouch, and enjoy the pleasant companion. Ye happy herds, while your hirdsels are feeding on the flow'ry braes, you may eithly make yourfells masters of the

hale ware. How usefou will it prove to you, (wha have sae few opportunities of common clattering) when you forgather with your friends at kirk or market, banquet or bridal? By your proficiency, you'll be able, in the proverbial way, to keep up the faul of a conversation, that is baith blyth and usefou.

Since dedicators scantly deserve that name, when they dinna gar the praises of their patrons flow freely through their propine, I should be reckoned one of little havins to be jum in that article, when I have sic good ground to work upon, and leal verity to keep me frae being thought a fleecher; wherefore, since *lacking breeds laziness, and praises breed pith*, I scruple not to tell you, that you are the props of the nation's profit. It is you that are the store-keepers of Heaven's bountiths. Frae your barns and byres we enjoy the necessaries of life; ye not only nourish yourfells, but a' the idle and insignificant; ye are the bees that make the honey, that mony a drone licks mair of than ye do. How nither'd and hungry wad the gentle board look without the product of your rigs.



and faulds? How toom wad the landlords cof-  
fers be, if he didna rug his rent frae the plough-  
gang and the green fward? How naked wad  
we a' be obliged to skelp without your lint-  
sheaf and woo-pack? and alake, how fair wad  
it harden the braw lad and bonny lass's fast loofs,  
were they obliged to labour for their ain meat  
and claiths? Ye take that burden aff their backs,  
by laying ilka thing to their hand *like a peel'd*  
*egg*, while they, without toil, reap the bennifons  
of your care.

I cou'd rin on with a thousand articles to  
your commendation, were they not clear to  
ilka ane whase saul is not sand-blind or purfled  
with pride. Wherefore, since I am sure that  
a' whase regard is praise, respect you, I shall  
conclude with wishing you the happy seed-time  
and blyth kirn, the plentyfou increase of your  
nowt and sheep, laiden rigs and crowded heights,  
generous and kindly lairds, and routh to pay  
their rents, peace and love in your families, with  
a numerous, bonny, and stout affspring to suc-  
ceed yourfells, with o'ercome to serve their  
king and country, by sea and land, with the

DEDICATION.

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spirit of their bauld forbears, wha never fail'd  
to prove as a brazen dike, in defence of their  
nation's independent honours and ancient re-  
nown.

I am,

Men and brethren,

Your affectionate friend,

and humble servant,

EDINBURGH, }  
Oct. 15. 1736. }

ALLAN RAMSAY.

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DEDICATION

TO THE  
MEMBERS OF THE  
AMERICAN ASSOCIATION  
OF UNIVERSITY TEACHERS

1901

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION

OF UNIVERSITY TEACHERS

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION

1901

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## SCOTS PROVERBS, &c.

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### CHAP. I.

- A** Begun turn is haff ended.  
A bawdy dad makes a begging bairn-time.  
A blate cat makes a proud mouse.  
A black hen lays a white egg.  
5 A blyth heart makes a blooming look.  
A bit is aften better gie'n than eaten.  
A bit but and a bit ben makes a mim maiden at  
the board end.  
A bonny bride is soon busk'd, and a short horse is  
soon whisk'd.  
A borrowed len shou'd gae laughing hame.  
10 Abundance of law breaks nae law.  
A braw whore is like a dirty house with a clean  
door.  
A bread house never skail'd.  
A black shoe makes a blyth heart.  
A cock's-ay crouse on his ain midding.  
15 A cram'd kite makes a crazy carcase.  
A cumbersome cur is hated by his neighbours.

- A daft nurice makes a wife wean.  
 A dear ship lies lang in the harbour.  
 A denk maiden a dirty wife.  
 20 A dog winna yowl if ye strike him wi' a bane.  
 A dog's life, meickle ease meickle hunger.  
 A drink is shorter than a tale.  
 A dry summer ne'er made a dear peck.  
 A duck winna dable ay in ae hole.  
 25 A dumb man wins nae law.  
 A drudger gets a dark, and a drunken wife the  
 drunken penny.  
 Ae beggar's wae that anither by the gate shou'd gae.  
 Ae bird in the hand is worth ten fleeand by.  
 Ae foot in a bawdy house, and anither in a hos-  
 pital.  
 30 Ae fool makes mony.  
 Ae good turn deserves anither.  
 Ae good turn may meet anither, if it were at the  
 brigg of London.  
 Ae haff of the warld kens na how the ither haff live.  
 Ae hand winna wash the ither for nought.  
 35 Ae hour's cauld will suck out seven years heat.  
 Ae man may lead a horse to the water, but four  
 and twenty winna gar him drink.  
 Ae man's meat is anither man's poison.  
 Ae swallow makes nae summer.  
 Ae scone of a baking is enough.  
 40 Ae scabbed sheep will smit the hale hirdsel.  
 Ae year a nurse and seven year a daw.  
 Ae hour in the morning is worth twa after noon.  
 A fair maiden tocherless will get mae wooers than  
 husbands.  
 A fiding mare should be weil girded.  
 45 A fleer wou'd ha'e a follower.  
 A fool and his money is soon parted.  
 A fool's bowt is soon shot.  
 A fool may speer mae questions than a doctor can  
 answer.

- A fool may gi'e a wife man a counsel.  
 50 A friend in court is worth a penny in purse.  
 A friend in need's a friend indeed.  
 Affront your friend in mows, and tine him in  
 earnest.  
 A friend's dinner's soon dight.  
 Aft ettle, whiles hit.  
 55 Aft counting keeps friends lang together.  
 Aft times the cautioner pays the debt.  
 After meat mustard.  
 After word comes wierd, fair fa' them ca's me  
 madam.  
 After a storm comes the cawm.  
 60 A fou man and a hungry horse make haste hame.  
 A fou purse never lakes friends.  
 A foul foot makes a fou wame.  
 A fou wame makes a stiff back.

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## CHAP. II.

- A gawn foot's ay getting.  
 A gentle horse shou'd be findle spurr'd.  
 A gi'en horse shou'd na be look'd in the mouth.  
 A gi'en game was ne'er won.  
 5 A good beginning makes a good ending.  
 A good cow may ha'e an ill ca'f.  
 A good fellow never tint, but at an ill fellow's hand.  
 A good grieve is better than an ill worker.  
 A good goose may have an ill gansel.  
 10 A good face needs nae band, and an ill ane de-  
 serves nane.  
 A good tongue's a safe weapon.  
 A good ingle makes a room fire-side.  
 A good word is as soon said as an ill.

- A good tale is no the waur to be twice tald.
- 15 A good name is sooner tint than won.  
A good fellow is a costly name.
- A graining wife and a grunting horse ne'er fail'd  
their master.
- A green turf's a good good-mither.  
A green wound is haff hale.
- 20 A green yule makes a fat kirk-yard.  
A great roofer was never a good rider.  
A greedy e'e never gat a good pennyworth.  
A great cry and little woo, quoth the deil when he  
clippet the sow.
- A handfou of trade is worth a goupén of gowd.
- 25 A hantlè cries murder, and are ay u'most.  
A hasty man's never lafty.  
A hen that lays without, shou'd hae a white nest  
egg.
- A horse hired never tired.  
A horse wi' four feet may snapper.
- 30 A horn spoon hads nae poison.  
A houndless hunter, and a gunless gunner, see ay  
rowth of game.
- A hungry man smells meat far.  
A hungry louse bites fair.  
A hungry man's ay angry.
- 35 A las that has mony woers aft wails the warst.  
A lang gather'd dam soon rins out.  
A leaky ship lakes much pumping.  
Ale-sellers shou'd na be tale-tellers.  
A liar should ha'e a good memory.
- 40 Alike ilka day makes a clout on Sunday.  
A light purse makes a heavy heart.  
(a' for all)
- A' things help, quoth the wren when she pish'd in  
the sea.
- A's no gowd that glitters, nor maidens that wear  
their hair.



# SCOTS PROVERBS.

15

A' o'ers are ill, except o'er the water and o'er the hill.

A' fails that fools think.

A' the truth shou'd na be tald.

A' the corn's no shorn by kempers.

A' the men in the Mearns can do nae mair than they may.

A' the winning's in the first buying.

A' cracks are not to be trow'd.

A' that's fuid in the kitchen shou'd na be tald in the ha'.

A' cats are gray in the dark.

A' the keys hing na at your belt.

A's no tint that's in hazard.

A's fish that comes in the net.

A' Stuarts are no sib to the king.

A' the speed's in the spurs.

A's no at hand that helps.

A' things wytes that nae weil fares.

A's weil that ends weil.

A' things are good untry'd.

A man's mind is a mirk mirroure.

A man's ay crouse on his ain cause.

A man can nae sooner let down his breeks, but ye are ready to kifs his doup.

A man may spit in his loof and do little.

A man canna bear a' his kin on his back.

A man of mony trades may beg his bread on Sunday.

A man at five may be a fool at fifteen.

A man may see his friend in need, that winna see his pow bleed.

A man may woo where he will, but maun wed where his wierd is.

A man may be kind and gi'e little of his gear.

A man of words, and not of deeds, is like a garden fou of weeds.

A man is weil or wae, as he thinks himsel sae.

- A man has nae mair goods than he gets good of.  
 75 A misty morning may be a clear day.  
 A mouthfu' of meat may be a townfu' of shame.  
 A muffled cat was ne'er a good hunter.

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### CHAP. III.

- An auld mason makes a good barrow-man.  
 An auld tout in a new horn.  
 An auld sack craves muckle clouting.  
 An auld pock is ay scaling.  
 5 An auld dog bites sicker.  
 An auld knave is nae bairn.  
 An eating horse never fundied.  
 An ill shearer never gat a good hook.  
 An illwilly cow shou'd ha'e short horns.  
 10 An ill cow may have a good ca'f.  
 An ill plea shou'd be weil pled.  
 An ill cook shou'd ha'e a good cleaver.  
 An ill lesson is soon lear'd.  
 An ill wife, and a new kindled candle, shou'd ha'e  
 their heads hadden down.  
 15 An ill turn is soon done.  
 An ill servant ne'er prov'd a good master.  
 An ill life makes an ill end.  
 An ill won penny will pu' down a pound.  
 An inch of a nag is worth a span of an aver.  
 20 An inch of a miss is as good as a span.  
 An inch of good fortune is worth a fathom of fore-  
 cast.  
 A kiss and a drink of water is but a wersth disjune.  
 An olite mother makes a sweer daughter.  
 An ounce of mother-wit is worth a pound of  
 clergy.



- 25 Ane of the court, but nane of the counfel.  
 Ane does the skaith, and anither gets the wyte.  
 Ane never tines by doing good.  
 Ane beats the bush, and anither grips the game.  
 Anes paid never crav'd.  
 30 Anes a whore and ay a whore.  
 Anes wood, and ay war.  
 Ane may bind a sack before it be fu'.  
 Ane may lo'e the kirk weil enough, yet not be ay  
 riding on the rigging o't.  
 Ane may lo'e a haggise that wadna ha'e the bag  
 bladed in his teeth.  
 35 Ane is no fae soon heal'd as hurt.  
 Ane gets sma' thanks for tining his ain.  
 Ane canna wive and thrive baith in ae year.  
 Ane will gar a hundred lie.  
 A new besom sweeps clean.  
 40 A nice wife and a back door will soon make a rich  
 man poor.  
 A nod of an honest man is enough.

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#### CHAP. IV.

- April showers bring May flowers.  
 A party-pot never play'd even.  
 A penny mair buys the whistle.  
 A poor man gets a poor marriage.  
 5 A poor man is fain of litt'e.  
 A pound of care winna pay an ounce of debt.  
 A proud heart in a poor breast has meikle dolar to  
 dree.  
 A ragged colt may prove a good gelding.  
 A reeky house, and a girning wife, will make a  
 man a fashcous life.

- 10 A reproof is nae poison.  
 A refetter is waur than a thief.  
 A rowing stane gathers nae fog.  
 A Scots mist will weet an Englishman to the skin.  
 As a carle riches he wretches.
- 15 As broken a ship has come to land.  
 As brisk as bottled ale.  
 As day brak butter brak.  
 As fain as a fool of a fair day.  
 As fu' of mischief as an egg's fu' of meat.
- 20 As good may had the stirrup as he that louns on.  
 As good a fellow as ever toom'd a bicker.  
 As good merchants tine as win.  
 As gentle as German's bitch that lap o'er the ingle,  
 and bedrate the roast.  
 As lang as I like I'll fart at my ain fire-side.
- 25 As lang runs the fox as he feet has.  
 As lang lives the merry man as the sad.  
 As lang as the bird sings before Candlemas it greets  
 after it.  
 As lang as ye serve the tod ye maun bear up his  
 tail.  
 As mony heads as mony wits.
- 30 As meickle upwith as meickle downwith.  
 As ready as the king has an egg in his pouch.  
 As fair fighe wrens as cranes.  
 As soon gangs the lamb's skin to the market as the  
 auld sheep's.  
 As fair greets the bairn that's paid at e'en as he  
 that gets his whawks in the morning.
- 35 As tired as a tike is of lang kale.  
 As the sow fills the draff sowers.  
 As the auld cock craws the young cock lears.  
 As the wind blows seek your bield.  
 As the fool thinks the bell clinks.
- 40 As the market gangs wares maun sell.  
 As wanton as a wet hen.  
 As weil be hang'd for a wedder as for a lamb.

- As ye lo'e me look in my dish.  
 As ye lead your life ye judge your neighbours.  
 45 As ye mak your bed fae ye maun ly down.  
 A fast aver was never a good horse.  
 A safe conscience maks a sound sleep.  
 A scawd head is eith to bleed.  
 A scabbed horse is good enough for a scaw'd 'squire.  
 50 A sheaf of a stouk is enough.  
 A short tree stands lang.  
 A fillerless man gangs fast thro' the market.  
 A silly man will be sily dealt wi'.  
 A sinking master maks aft a rising man.  
 55 A skittering cow on the loan wad ha'e mony mar-  
 rows.  
 A slothfu' hand maks a slim fortune.  
 A sorrowfu' heart's ay dry.  
 A sooth bourd is nae bourd.  
 A spur in the head is worth twa in the heel.  
 60 A spoonfu' of skitter will spill a potfu' of skink.  
 A sturdy beggar shou'd ha'e a stout nayfayer.  
 As wight as a webster's doublet, that ilka night  
 taks a thief by the neck.

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 CHAP. V.

- At open doors dogs gae benn.  
 A tale-teller is waur than a thief.  
 A tarrowing bairn was never fat.  
 A taking hand will never want.  
 5 A tale never tines in the telling.  
 A thrawin question should ha'e a thrawart an-  
 swer.  
 A threed will ty an honest man better than a rape  
 will a knave.

- A tocherless dame sits lang at hame.  
 A toolying tike comes limping hame.  
 10 A toom purse maks a startling merchant.  
 A toom pantry maks a thriftless goodwife.  
 A toom hand is nae lure for a hawk.  
 A turn weil done is soon done.  
 A twapenny cat may look at a king.  
 15 A turd is as good for a sow as a pan-cake.  
 A wad is a fool's argument.  
 A vanter and a liar are right sib.  
 A wee bush is better than nae bield.  
 A wee mouse can creep under a great corn stack.  
 20 A wee house weil fill'd, a wee piece land weil till'd,  
 a wee wife weil will'd, will make a happy  
 man.  
 A wee house has a wide mouth.  
 A wee spark maks meickle wark.  
 A wee thing puts your baird in a bleeze.  
 A wee thing fleys cowards.  
 25 A wight man never wanted a weapon.  
 A wife is wise enough that kens her goodman's  
 breeks frae her ain kirtle.  
 A wilfu' man never wanted wae.  
 A wilfu' man shou'd be unco wise.  
 A woman's mind is like wind in a winter's night.  
 30 An unlucky man's cart is eith tumbled.  
 Auld men are twice bairns.  
 Auld sparrows are ill to tame.  
 Auld springs gi'e nae price.  
 Auld fins breed new shame.  
 35 Auld wives and bairns make fools of physicians.  
 Auld use and wont legs about the fire.  
 A yeld sow was never good to grices.  
 A yule feast may be quit at pasch.

## CHAP. VI.

Bairns mother bursted never.

Bairns are certain care, but nae sure joy.

Bare backs mak burnt shins.

Bare gentry braggand beggars.

5 Bastard brood are ay proud.

Beauty but bounty's but bauch.

Be a friend to your sell and others will.

Be lang sick that ye may be soon hale.

Be it better be it warse, be rul'd by him that has  
the purse.

10 Be thou weil be thou wae, thou wilt not be ay  
fae.

Be the same thing you wad be ca'd.

Bear wealth weil, poortith will bear it sell.

Before ye choose a friend eat a peck of saut wi'  
him.

Begin wi' needles and prins, and end wi' horn'd  
nowt.

15 Be gues, as the blind man fell'd the dog.

Beg frae beggars you'll never be rich.

Beggars breed and gentry feed.

Beggars dow bear nae wealth.

Beggars shou'd na be choosers.

20 Better a bit i' the morning than fast a' day.

Better a clout in than a hole out.

Better a de'il than a daw.

Better a dog fawn on you than bark at you.

Better a finger aff than ay wagging.

25 Better a fair fae than a fause friend.

Better a good fame than a fine face.

Better a laying hen than a lying crown.

Better a mouse in the pot than nae flesh.

Better an auld maiden than a young whore.



- 30 Better a shameless eating than a shamefu' living.  
 Better a tocher in her than wi' her.  
 Better a toom house than an ill tenant.  
 Better a thigging mother than a riding father.  
 Better a wee ingle to warm you than a meickle fire  
 to burn you.
- 35 Better auld debts than auld sairs.  
 Better bairns greet than bearded men.  
 Better be blyth wi' little than sad wi' naithing.  
 Better be envied than pitied.  
 Better be alane than in ill company.
- 40 Better be idle than ill employed.  
 Better be out o' the warld than out o' the fashion.  
 Better be sonfy than soon up.  
 Better be the lucky man than the lucky man's son.  
 Better be kind than cumbersome.
- 45 Better belly burst than good meat spill.  
 Better buy than borrow.  
 Better cry fie sa't than fie stink.  
 Better day the better deed.  
 Better eat gray bread in youth than in eild.
- 50 Better flatter a fool than fight wi' him.  
 Better find iron than tine filler.  
 Better gi'e the slight than tak it.  
 Better guide weil than work sair.  
 Better had by a hair than draw wi' a tether.
- 55 Better had wi' the hound than rin wi' the hair.  
 Better haff egg than toom doup.  
 Better hain at the braird than at the bottom.  
 Better hand-loose than in an ill tethering.  
 Better hap at court than good service.
- 60 Better kiss a knave than cast out wi' him.  
 Better keep the de'il without the door than drive  
 him out of the house.  
 Better keep weil than make weil.  
 Better lang something than soon naithing.  
 Better laugh at your ain pint, than greet and gather  
 gear.

- 55 Better late thrive than never do weil.  
 Better lear frae your neighbour's skaith than your  
 ain.  
 Better leave than lake.  
 Better leave to my faes than beg frae my friends.  
 Better live in hope than die in despair.  
 70 Better marry o'er the midding than o'er the moor.  
 Better my bairns seek frae me than I beg frae  
 them.  
 Better my friend think me fremit than fasheous.  
 Better ne'er begun than ne'er ended.  
 Better rue fit than rue flit.  
 75 Better rough and sonfy than bare and donfy.  
 Better saught wi' little aught, than care wi' mony  
 a cow.  
 Better say here it is than there it was.  
 Better short and sweet than lang and lax.  
 Better sit still than rise up and fa'.  
 80 Better sit idle than work for nought.  
 Better skaith fav'd than mends made.  
 Better sma' fish than nae fish.  
 Better spared than ill spent.  
 Better the ill ken'd than the good unken'd.  
 85 Better the head of the commons than the arse of  
 the gentry.  
 Better the end of a feast than the beginning of a  
 fray.  
 Better thole a grumph than a sumph.  
 Better to had than draw.  
 Better twa skaiths than ae sorrow.  
 90 Better unborn than untaught.  
 Better wade back mid-water than gae forward  
 and drown.  
 Better wait on the cook than the doctor.  
 Better wear shoon than sheets.  
 Between three and thirteen thraw the wand when  
 it is green.



- 95 Between the de'il and the deep sea.  
Between twa fools the arse fa's through.

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## CHAP. VII.

- Bid a man to the roast and stick him with the spit  
Bigging and bairns marring are great wasters.  
Birds of a feather flock together.  
Birth's good, but breeding's better.  
5 Biting and scarting is Scot's fowk's wooing.  
Black arse, quoth the pot to the cawdron.  
Black will tak nae ither hue.  
Blaw the wind ne'er so fast it will lown at the  
laft.  
Blind men shou'd na be judge o' colours.  
10 Blood's thicker than water.  
Bode a robe and wear it, bode a pock and bear it  
Boden gear stinks.  
Bourd na with bawty lest he bite ye.  
Burnt bairns the fire dreads.  
15 Break my head and syne draw on my how.  
Bridal fead is soon forgotten.  
Broken bread maks hale bairns.  
Butter and burn trouts are kittle meat for maid-  
ens.  
Buy a thief frae the gallows and he'll help to  
hang you.  
20 By chance a cripple may grip a hare.

## CHAP. VIII.

Cadgers have ay mind of lade saddles.

Can do is eithly born about.

Canny chieles carry cloaks when 'tis clear, the  
fool when 'tis foul has nane to wear.

Careless fowk are ay cumbersome.

5 Cast na out the dow'd water till ye get the fresh.

Cast ye o'er the house rigging ye'll fa' on your  
feet.

Cast a bane in the de'il's teeth.

Cat after kind.

Cats and carlins sit in the sun.

10 Cauld cools the love that kindles o'er het.

Cawk's nae sheers.

Changes are lightsome.

Charity begins at hame.

Clap a carle on the culls, and he'll shite in your  
loof.

15 Clatter a cat to dead.

Claw ye my arse, and I'll scart your elbuck.

Come a' to Jock fool's house and ye'se get bread  
and cheese.

Come unca'd fits unserv'd.

Come not to council unbidden.

20 Comes to my hand like the bowl of a pint stowp.

Come it air come it late, in May comes the cow-  
quake.

Come back the morn, and ye'se get plack-pies  
for naithing.

Come wi' the wind and gae wi' the water.

Common saw findle lies.

25 Confess'd faut is haff amends.

Confess debt and crave days.

## SCOTS PROVERBS.

- Confess and be hang'd, and syne your servan  
smith.  
Corn him weil he'll work the better.  
Corn's no good for stags.  
30 Count again is not forbidden.  
Count filler after a' your kin.  
Count like Jews, and 'gree like brethren.  
Courtesey is cumbersome to them that kens it no.  
Counsel is nae command.  
35 Crab without a cause, and mease without amends.  
Credit is better than ill won gear.  
Credit keeps the crown o' the cawfay.  
Cripples are ay good doers.  
Crooked carlin, quoth the cripple to his wife.  
40 Curses maks the fox fat.  
Cut your cloak according to your claith.

## CHAP. IX.

- Daffin and want of wit makes auld wives don-  
nard.  
Dame deem warily, ye watna wha wytes your  
fell.  
Damming and laving is good sure fishing.  
Daughters and dead fish are nae keeping ware.  
5 Dawted bairns dow bear little.  
Day light will peep through a sma' hole.  
Deal sma' and serve a'.  
Dear bought and far sought is meet for ladies.  
Death and marriage make term-day.  
10 Death at ae door, and hardship at the other.  
Death defies the doctors.  
Deed shaws proof.  
Delays are dangerous.

- De'il be in the house that ye're beguil'd in.  
 Ding down the nest, and the rooks will flee away.  
 Dit your mouth wi' your meat.  
 Dirt bodes luck.  
 Dirt downa but when it stinks.  
 Dirlten arse dreads ay.  
 Do on the hill as ye wad do in the ha'.  
 Do your turn weil, and nane will speir what time ye took.  
 Do weil and dread nae shame.  
 Do weil, and doubt nae man; do ill and doubt a' men.  
 Do weil and have weil.  
 Do what ye ought and come what will.  
 Do the likeliest and hope the best.  
 Do not touch him on the fair heel.  
 Do as the lassies do, say no, and take it.  
 Do not meddle with the de'il and the laird's bairns.  
 Do not tak' of a rape to a chiel whase father was hang'd.  
 Dogs will redd swine.  
 Dolor pays nae debt.  
 Dous and dominees leave ay a foul house.  
 Double drinks are good for drouth.  
 Double charges rive cannons.  
 Draff he fought but drink was his errand.  
 Draff's good enough for swine.  
 Dree out the inch when ye have thol'd the span.  
 Drive a cow to the ha' she'll run to the byre.  
 Drink and drouth come not ay together.  
 Drink little that ye may drink lang.  
 Drunken at e'en and dry in the morning.  
 Dummie winna lie.

## CHAP. X.

Eagles catch nae flies.

Early pricks that will be a thorn.

Early master soon knave.

Eat pease wi' the prince, and cherries wi' the chapman.

5 Eat in measure and defy the mediciner.

Eat your fill but pouch nane.

Eat weil's drink weil's brother.

Eats meat and never fed, wears claihs and never clad.

Eating and drinking want but a beginning.

10 Eild and poortith's sair to bear.

Eith learning the cat to the kirk.

Eith keeping the castle that's no besieged.

Eith lear'd soon forgotten.

Eith working when will's at hame.

15 Either prove a man or a mouse.

Either live or die with honour.

Either win the horse or tine the faddle.

Either the tod or the fearn bush.

Ell and tell is ne'er forgotten, and the best pay's on the peck bottom.

20 E'ening red and a morning gray, is a taiken of a good day.

E'ening oarts are good morning fother.

E'en as ye win't sae ye may wear't.

Enough's as good as a feast.

Ever busy ever bare.

25 Every ane crishes the fat sow's arse.

Every ane kens best where his ain shoe nips him.

Every ane louns the dike where it is laigest.



Every ane to his trade, quoth the browffer to the bishop.

Every craw thinks its ain bird whitest.

30 Every dog has his day.

Every day's no yule-day, cast the cat a castock.

Every flow has its ebb.

Every land has its laugh, and every corn has its ain caff.

Every man wears his belt his ain gate.

the 35 Every man can guide an ill wife weil but he that has her.

Every man bows to the bush he gets bield frae.

Every man for his ain hand as Jo. Jelly fought.

Every man's blind in his ain cause.

ver Every man to his mind, as the man said when he kifs'd his ain cow.

40 Every man's tale's good till another's be tald.

Every man at forty is a fool or a phyfician.

Every man's no born wi' a filler spoon in his mouth.

Every man has his ain draff pock.

Every miller wad wyse the water to his ain mill.

5 Every play maun be played, and some maun be the players.

Every thoe fits not every foot.

Every thing has an end, and a pudding has twa.

Experience teaches fools.

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## CHAP. XI.

Faint heart never wan fair lady.

Fair heights make fools fain.

Fair fa' the wife, and weil may she spin, that count's ay the lawing with a quart to come in.

- Fair fa' good ale, it gars fowk speak as they think.
- 5 Fair exchange is nae robbery.  
 Fair words winna gar the pot play.  
 Fair fowk are ay fouisenless.  
 Fair maidens wear nae purses.  
 Fair hair may have foul roots.
- 10 Fair words hurt ne'er a bane, but foul words break mony a ane.
- 30 Fair and foolish, black and proud, lang and lazy, little and loud.  
 Fair offers are nae cause of fead.  
 Fancy kills and cures.  
 Fan'd fires, and forc'd love, ne'er did weil.
- 15 Fancy flees before the wind.  
 Faraway fowls have fair feathers.  
 Fareweil frost, fair weather neist.  
 Far frae court far frae care.  
 Far behind that may not follow.
- 20 Farmers faugh gars lairds laugh.  
 Fast bind fast find.  
 Fat flesh freezes soon.  
 Fat paunches bode lean pows.  
 Fause fowk shou'd hae muny witnasses.
- 25 Fausehood maks never a fair hinder-end.  
 Feckless fowk are ay fain of ane anither.  
 Fiddlers wives and gamesters ale are free to every body.  
 Fiddlers dogs and flesh flies come to feasts unca'd.  
 Fight dog, fight bear, wha wins de'il care.
- 30 Fill fou and had fou, that maks a man stark.  
 Fine feathers mak fine birds.  
 Fire and water are good servants, but ill masters.  
 First come first serv'd.  
 Flaes and a girning wife are wakerife bed-fellows.
- 35 Fleshers lo'e nae collops.  
 Fleying a bird is no the gate to grip it.



Flee never so fast your fortune will be at your tail.

Flitting of farms mak mailings dear.

Fling at the broad was ne'er a good ox.

40 Fools haste is nae speed.

Fools shou'd na ha'e chapping sticks.

Fools are ay fain o' flitting.

Fools ravel, and wise men redd.

Fools shou'd na see wark that's haff done.

45 Fools mak feasts, and wise fowk eat them; the  
wise mak jests and fools repeat them.

Fools are fain of naithing.

Fools set far tristes.

For want of a steek a shoe may be tint.

For fashion's sake, as dogs gang to the market.

50 Fortune favours fools.

Fortune helps ay the hardy.

Forbid a fool a thing and that he will do.

Force without forecast aften fails.

Fore warn'd haff arm'd.

55 For faut of wise fowk fools fit on binks.

Foul water flockens fire.

Fowk canna help a' their ain kin.

Frae the teeth forward she'll mak ye welcome.

Freedom's a fair flower.

60 Fresh fish and poor friends grow soon ill far'd.

Friendship canna stand ay on ae side.

Friends 'gree best findry.

Frost and fawshood have baith a dirty waygang:

Fumblers are ay fond of weanes.

## CHAP. XII.

- Gae to bed wi' the lamb and rise wi' the lav'rock.  
 Gane is the goose that the great egg laid,  
 Garwood's ill to grow.  
 Gaunting bodes wanting.  
 5 Gayly wad be better,  
 Gear is easier gain'd than guided.  
 Gentle paddocks have lang taes.  
 Gentle servants are poor men's tinsel.  
 Gentry sent to the market winna buy a peck o'  
 meal.  
 10 Get your rock and spindle, and God will send  
 tow.  
 Get the word of soon rising, and ye may ly in your  
 bed a' day.  
 Giff gaff maks good friends.  
 Girn when you bind and laugh when ye loose.  
 Give a bairn its will, and a whelp its fill, nane o'  
 them will e'er do weil.  
 15 Give a dog an ill name and he'll soon be hang'd.  
 Give a carle your finger and he'll take your hale  
 hand.  
 Give a gawn man a drink, and a quarrelsome chiel'  
 a cuff.  
 Give a greedy dog a great bane.  
 Give a man luck and fling him in the sea.  
 20 Give a thing and tak a thing, that's the ill man's  
 gowd ring.  
 Give o'er when the plays good.  
 Give them tow enough and they'll hang them-  
 fells.  
 Give tining gamesters leave to grumble.  
 Give you an inch ye'll tak an ell,

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- 25 Give the de'il his due.  
Glasses and lasses are bruckle ware.  
God be wi' auld lang syne, when our gutchers  
ate their trenchers.  
God help great fowk, the poor can beg.  
God's help is nearer than the fair e'en.
- 30 God ne'er sent the mouth but he sent the meat  
wi't.  
God send water to that well that people thinks  
will never rin dry.  
God sends claiths according to our cauld.  
God sends meat, but the de'il sends cooks.  
God send you mair wit and me mair filler.
- 35 God shapes the back for the burthen.  
Good ale needs nae whisp.  
Good bairns get broken brows.  
Good bairns are eith to lear.  
Good cheer and good cheap ca's mony customers.
- 40 Good fowk are scarce, tak care of ane.  
Good forecast furthers the wark.  
Good gear is not to be gapped.  
Good kail is haff meat.  
Good fishing in drumly waters.
- 45 Good watch prevents harm.  
Good ware maks a quick market.  
Good will shou'd be taken in part payment.  
Good words cost naithing.  
Good your common to kiss your kimmer.
- 50 Gowd may be near cost.  
Great bodies move slaw.  
Great bakers are nae biters.  
Great words fley cowards.  
Great winning maks wark easy.
- 55 Greedy fowk have lang arms.  
Greening wives are ay greedy.  
Guess'd wark's best, if right done.  
Gut nae fish till ye get them.

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CHAP. XIII.

- Ha' binks are slidery.  
Had I wist quoth the fool.  
Had ye sic a shoe on ilka foot it wad gar ye shaghle.  
Had your hands aff other fowks bairns till ye get  
some of your ain.  
5 Had a hank in your ain hand.  
Hae lad, rin lad, that maks an olite lad.  
Had I fish, was never good to eat wi' garlick.  
Hae is haff fill.  
Hae gars a deaff man hear.  
10 Haff acres bear good corn.  
Hain'd gear helps weil.  
Hair and hair maks the carles beard bear.  
Hale sale's good sale.  
Hame is hame, if it were never sae hamely.  
15 Hang them that ha'e nae shift and them that ha'e  
o'er mony.  
Hand in use is father of lear.  
Hang a thief when he's young, and he'll no steal  
when he's auld.  
Hankering and hinging on is a poor trade.  
Handle the pudding while it is het.  
20 Hang hunger and drown drouth.  
Hap and a haifpenny is gear enough.  
Happy man happy kavel.  
Happy the wife that's married to a motherless  
son.  
Happy for the son when the dad goes to the de'il.  
25 Harships findle come singie.  
Haste maks waste.  
Have ye gear have ye nane, tine heart and a's gane.

## CHAP. XIV.

He begs frae them that borrow'd frae him.

He brings a staff to break his ain head.

He can had meal in his mouth and blaw.

He comes aftner wi' the rake than the shool.

5 He complains early that complains of his kail.

He cares na whafe bairn greet if his laugh.

He can say jo and think it no.

He can help at a dead lift.

He can hide his meat and seek mair.

10 He can see an inch before his nose.

He does na ay ride when he saddles his horse.

He does na like his wark that says now when it  
is done.

He eats the caff in the cows wame.

He fells twa dogs wi' ae stane.

15 He gangs away in an ill time that never comes  
again.

He gangs lang barefoot that wears dead men's  
shoon.

He gat his kail in a riven dish.

He girns like a sheep-head in a pair of tangs.

He had his finger in the pye.

20 He has swallowed a flie.

He has touched him in the quick.

He has gotten the boot and the better beast.

He has brought his pock to a braw market.

He has meickle prayer but little devotion.

25 He has come to good by misguiding.

He has an eye in his neck.

He has a bee in his bannet lug.

He has gotten a bite of his ain bridle.



He has nae as meickle sense as a cow can had  
her falded nive.

- 30 He has soon done that never dought.  
He has the best end o' the string.  
He has't of kind, he coft it not.  
He has faut of a wife that marries mam's pet.  
He has mair wit in his little finger than ye have  
a' your bouk.

- 35 He has coosten his cloak on the other shoulder.  
He has feather'd his nest, he may flee when he likes.  
He has need of a lang spoon that sups wi' the  
de'il.

He has paid the kain for a'.  
He has cowped the meikle dish into the little.

- 40 He has gotten the whip hand of him.  
He has a hole aneath his nose that will ne'er let  
him be rough.

He has some wit, but a fool has the guiding o't.  
He has wit at will that wi' an angry heart can find  
still.

He has left the key in the cat-hole.

- 45 He has licket the butter aff my bread.  
He has a slid grip that has an eel by the tail.  
He has a good judgement that does na lippen to  
his ain.

He has been row'd in his mither's fark tail.

He has a hearty hand for giving a hungry meal  
tith.

- 50 He has a crap for a' corn.  
He has need to have a clean pow, that ca's his  
neighbour nitty know.

He hears wi' his heel as geese do in harvest.

He kens na a B by a bull's foot.

He kens his ain groats among other fowks kail.

- 55 He kens whilk side his cake is butter'd on.  
He'll mend when he grows better, like sower ale in  
summer.

He'll no let grass grow at his heels.

He'll gie you the whistle of your groat.

He'll tel't to nae mair than he meets.

He'll no give an inch of his will for a span of his thrift.

He loo's me for little that hates me for nought.

He'll make an ill runner that canna gang.

He lay in his scabbard, as mony a good sword has done.

He'll wag as the bush wags.

He looks like the far end of a French fiddle.

He'll soon be a beggar that cannot say nay.

He loo'd mutton weil, that lick'd where the ewe lay.

He'll no sell his hen on a rainy day.

He'll ha'e enough some day when his mouth's fou of mools.

He may weil swim that has his head badden up.

He'll draw up your fark for you.

He maun be soon up that cheats the tod.

He maun ha'e leave to speak that canna had his tongue.

He made a moon-light flitting.

He may be trusted with a bing of unbor'd mill-stanes.

He may find faut that canna mend.

He may laugh that wins.

He never did a good darg that gade grumbling about it.

He never lies but when the Holin's green.

He needs maun rin that the de'il drives.

He never tint a cow that grat for a needle.

He rides sicker that ne'er fell.

He's a fool that forgets himsell.

He's as bare as the birk at yule e'en.

He's no steel to the back.

He's better fed than nurtur'd.

He's a man of a wise mind, that of a fae can make a friend.

- He's gane to the dog drave.  
 He's wife that kens whan he's weil, and can had  
 himsell fae.
- 90 He's horn deaf on that side of the head.  
 He's lifeless that's faultless.  
 He's gane to seek his father's sword.  
 He's a gentle horse that never coost his rider.  
 He's filly that spares for ilka speech.
- 95 He's a fool that marries at yool, for when the  
 bairn's to bear the corn's to shear.  
 He's at his wits end.  
 He's auld and cauld, and ill to ly beside.  
 He's weil boden there ben, that will neither bor-  
 row nor lend.
- He's wife that's timely wary.
- 100 He's as welcome as water in a riven ship.  
 He's an Aberdeen's man, takes his word again.  
 He's like a flae in a blanket.  
 He's no fae daft as he lets on.  
 He's fairest dung that's paid with his ain wand.
- 105 He's a fairy beggar that canna gae by ae door.  
 He's no the best wright that casts moniest spails.  
 He's o'er soon up that's hang'd ere noon.  
 He's a proud fox that winna scrape his ain hole.  
 He's o'er shot in his ain bow.
- 110 He's poor enough that's ill loo'd.  
 He's a fairy cook that mayna lick his ain fingers.  
 He's a hawk of a right nest.  
 He's a filly chiel that can neither do nor say.  
 He's a wife bairn that kens his ain father.
- 115 He's unco-fou in his ain house that canna pike  
 bane in his neighbour's.  
 He's no a chapman bare, that has either money  
 tick, or ware.  
 He's worth nae weil that can bide nae wae.  
 He's the gear that winna traik.  
 He's a proud horse that winna bear his ain pro-  
 vender.

- 120 He's weil wordy of sorrow that buys it.  
 He's weil eas'd that has of his ain when others  
 sit down to eat.  
 He's like the singed cat, better than he's likely.  
 He's a worthless goodman that's no mis'd.  
 He's worth gowd that can gain it.
- 125 He's a good horse that never stumbl'd, and a  
 better wife that never grumbl'd.  
 He's a weak beast that downa bear the saddle.  
 He sleeps as dogs do when wives sift meal.  
 He speaks in his drink what he thought in his  
 drouth.  
 He streaks ream on your gab.
- 130 He should be findle angry that has few to mease  
 him.  
 He sits fou close that has a riven breek.  
 He snites his nose in his neighbour's dish, to get  
 the brose to himself.  
 He stumbles at a strae and lowps o'er a wonlyne.  
 He shall either girn or man find.
- 135 He speaks like a print-book.  
 He tents me nae mair than I were the wild Scot  
 of Galloway.

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## CHAP. XV.

He that aught the cow gangs nearest her tail.  
 He that anes a good name gets, may pish the bed,  
 and say he sweats.  
 He that blaws best let him bear the horn.  
 He that borrows and biggs, makes feasts and  
 thigs, drinks and is not dry, is not thrifty.

- 5 He that's born to be hang'd will never be drown'd.  
 He that's born under a tippenny planet will ne'er  
 be worth a groat.  
 He that buys land buys flanes, and he that buys  
 beef buys banes.  
 He that buys nuts buys shells, but he that buys  
 good ale buys naithing else.  
 He that counts a' cost will ne'er put plough in the  
 eard.
- 10 He that cheats me anes, shame fa' him; if he cheat  
 me twice, shame fa' me.  
 He that clatters to himsell tawks to a fool.  
 He that canna make sport should mar nane.  
 He that's canker'd without a cause, maun mease  
 without amends.  
 He that canna do as he wou'd maun do as he may.
- 15 He that comes unca'd fits unserv'd.  
 He that counts before the ostler counts twice.  
 He that does his turn in time fits haff idle.  
 He that does bidding deserves na dinging.  
 He that does ye an ill turn will ne'er forgi'e ye.
- 20 He that deals in dirt has ay foul fingers.  
 He that forecasts a' perils will win na worship.  
 He that's far frae his gear is near his tinsell.  
 He that fa's in a gutter, the langer he lies the dir-  
 tier he is.  
 He that's fear'd for a fart will never bide thunder.
- 25 He that's first on the midding may wale the best  
 feat.  
 He that fishes before the net, fishes lang or he fish  
 get.  
 He that gets gear before he gets wit will die ere he  
 thrive.  
 He that gets forgets, but he that wants thinks on.  
 He that gangs a borrowing gangs a forrowing.
- 30 He that gie's a' his gear to his bairns, take up a  
 bittle and ding out his barns.  
 He that gi'es a' wad gi'e naithing.



He that gets anes his nives in dirt can hardly get them out.

He that has gowd may buy land.

He that has an ill wife should eat butt 'er.

35 He that has his cods in a cloven stick maun wyfe them out the best way he can.

He that has twa hoards will get a third.

He that has a good crop may thole some thiftles.

He that has nae gear to tine may ha'e shins to pine.

He that has nae filler in his purse shou'd ha'e silk on his tongue.

40 He that hides can best find.

He that has a wide tharm never has a lang arm.

He that has ae sheep in the flock will like a' the lave the better.

He that has meickle gets ay mair.

He that has meickle wad ay hae mair.

45 He that has a dog of his ain may gang to the kirk wi' a clean breast.

He that has but ae e e maun tent that weil.

He that has a meickle nose thinks ilk ane speaks o't.

He that hews aboon his head may get a speal in his e'e.

He that's ill to himsell will be good to naebody.

50 He that's ill of his lodging is good at the way-kenning.

He that ill does never good weens.

He that in bawdry wastes his gear, baith shame and skaith he will endure.

He that kens what will be cheap or dear, needs be a merchant but for ae year.

He that keeks through a hole may see what will vex him.

55 He that lends his pot may seeth his kail in his loof.

He that lives weil lives lang.

He lacks my mare wad buy my mare.

He that laughs at his ain joke spills the sport o't.

- He that lippens to bodden ploughs, his lands lie lee.
- 60 He that laughs alane will make sport in company.  
 He that lives upon hope has a slim diet.  
 He that looks to freets, freets follow him.  
 He that marries a slut eats meickle dirt  
 He that marries or he be wife, will die or he be rich
- 65 He that meddles wi' toolies comes in for the red-  
 ding-streak 90  
 He that's no us'd to a sword leaves't where he shites  
 He that never rade never fell  
 He that never eats flesh thinks harigalds a feast  
 He that's red for windle-straes shou'd na sleep on lees 95
- 70 He that rides or he be ready, wants ay some o' his graith  
 He that speers a' gets wit o' part  
 He that shaws his purse bribes the thief  
 He that sleeps wi' dogs maun rise wi' flaes  
 He that slays shall be slain 00
- 75 He that steals can hide  
 He that strikes my dog wad strike mysell if he durst  
 He that sits on a stane is twice fain  
 He that spends his gear before he gets't will get little good o't 05  
 He that shames let him shent
- 80 He that seeks motes gets motes  
 He that speers a' opinions comes ill speed  
 He that speaks what he shou'd not, will hear what he wad not  
 He that spares to speak spares to speed 10  
 He that sells ware for words maun live by the wind
- 85 He that speaks wi' a drawnt and sells wi' a cant is right like a snake in the skin o' a faint

He that startles at a groat for a crack, a nag for a  
start, or wi' a wife for a fart, will ne'er be weil  
money'd, hors'd, or wiv'd

He that teaches himsell has a fool for his master

He that wears black maun wear a brush on his  
back

He that will cheat in play winna be honest in ear-  
nest

90 He that winna when he may shanna when he wad

He that woos a maid shou'd come findle in her  
sight

He that woos a widow shou'd woo her day and  
night

He that wad eat the kirkel maun crack the nut

He that will to Cowpar will to Cowpar

95 He that's welcome fares weil

He that weil bides weil betides

He that will not thole, maun flit mony a hole

He that wrestles wi' a turd will come foul aff,  
whether u'most or nowmost

He was the bee that made the honey

100 He was scant o' news that tald his father was  
hang'd

He wears twa faces 'neath ae cool

He was mair sleyd than hurt

He wad gang a mile to flit a sow

He winna send you away wi' a fair heart

105 He wats na whilk end o' him's uppermost

He wad sell you in a market

He woo's for cake and pudding

He wad fain be forward if he wist how

He wad gar you trow that the moon's made o'  
green cheefe

110 He wad tine his lugs if they were tacked till  
him

He wad rake hell for a bodle

## CHAP. XVI.

- Hearken to the hinder end, hereafter comes not  
yet  
Help is good in a' play  
Hens are ay free o' horse corn  
Higheft in court the nearer the widdy  
5 His wit gat wings and wad ha'e flown, but pinch-  
ing poortith pu'd him down  
His auld brags will buy a new pan  
His bark is waur than his bite  
His egg has ay twa yowks  
His geese are a' swans  
10 His heart's in his hose  
His meal's a' daigh  
His room's better than his company  
His pipe's out  
His tongue's nae slander  
15 His tongue's no in his pouch  
Honesty hauds lang the gate  
Honesty's the best craft  
Hooly and fair gangs far in a day  
Horses are good of a' hues  
20 Hunger will break thro' stane wa's  
Hunger's hard upon a hale heart  
Hunger's good kitchen  
Hunger thou me and I'll harry thee  
Hungry dogs are blyth of bursten puddings  
25 Hungry fowks are soon angry  
Hungry stewards wear mony shoon

## CHAP. XVII.

- I anes gae a dog his handsell and he was hanged ere night.  
 I bake nae bread by your shins.  
 I canna fit and rin, and pith and gather speals.  
 I can scarce believe you, you speak fae fair.  
 5 I canna sell the cow and sup the milk.  
 I carena whether the fire gae about the roast, or the roast gae about the fire, if the meat be made ready.  
 I canna afford you baith tale and lugs.  
 I can see as far into a mill stane as he that pick'd it.  
 I ha'e seen mair snaw on ae dike than now on seven.  
 10 I ha'e gi'en a stick to break my ain head.  
 I ha'e anither tow on my rock.  
 I ha'e a good bow, but it's in the castle.  
 I ha'e had better kail in my cogue and ne'er ga'e them a kytch.  
 I had rather my bannock should burn than you shou'd turn.  
 15 I had rather gae by your door than o'er your grave.  
 I had nae mind that I was married, my bridal was fae feckless.  
 I had but little butter, and that I coost on the coals.  
 I ha'e a cauld coal to blaw at.  
 I ha'e gotten an ill kame for my ain head.  
 20 I ha'e mair ado than a dish to wash.  
 I ha'e ta'en the sheaf frae the mare.



- I ha'e baith my meat and my menfe.  
 I ha'e seen mair than I ha'e eaten.  
 I ken by your haff tale what your hale tale means.  
 25 I ken by my cogue wha milks my cow.  
 I ken how the warld wags, he's honour'd maist  
 has monieft bags.  
 I ken him as weil as I had gane through him wi'  
 a lighted candle.  
 I'll gi'e ye a bane to pike that will haud your teeth  
 gawn.  
 I'll gi'e ye a meeting as Mungo ga'e his mither.  
 30 I'll gar his ain gartens ty up his ain hofe.  
 I'll gar him draw his belt to his ribs.  
 I'll ne'er dirty the bannet I'm gaun to put on.  
 I'll keep my mind to mysell, and tell my tale to  
 the wind.  
 I'll ne'er lout fae laigh and lift fae little.  
 35 I'll ne'er put the carle aboon the gentleman.  
 I'll no creep in his aise for a week of his fair  
 weather.  
 I'll ne'er keep a dog and bark mysell.  
 I'll ne'er live poor to die rich.  
 I'll ne'er buy a blind bargain, or a pig in-a pock.  
 40 I'll ne'er brew drink to treat drunkards.  
 I'll ne'er buy a cow when I can get milk fae cheap.  
 I'll rather strive with the lang rigg than the ill  
 neighbour.  
 I'll serve ye when ye ha'e least to do.  
 I'll take the best first as the priest did of the  
 plumbs.  
 45 I'll take nae mair o' your counfel than I think fit  
 for me.  
 I'll tell the bourd but not the body.  
 I like not to make a toil o' a pleasure.  
 I'm o'er auld a cat to draw a strae before.  
 I'm no fae blind as I'm bleer ey'd.  
 50 I'm flyting free wi' him.

I'm nae fae scant of clean pipes as to blaw wi' a  
brunt cutty.

I'm no every man's dog that whistles on me.

I'm no obliged to summer and winter it to you.

I'm speaking of hay and you of horse corn.

55 I'm neither sma' drink thirsty, nor gray bread  
hungry

I might bring a better speaker frae hame than you.

I may come to break an egg in your pouch.

I ne'er sat on your coat tail.

I ne'er lik'd a dry bargain.

60 I ne'er loo'd 'bout gates, quoth the wife when she  
harl'd her man o'er the ingle.

I ne'er loo'd meat that craw'd in my crapine.

I ne'er loo'd water in my shoon, and my wame's  
made of better leather.

I stood like a cow on an unco loan.

I spake but ae word, gi'e me but ae strake.

65 I think mair o' your kindness than it's a' worth.

I took him aff the moor for God's sake, and he  
begins to bite the bairns.

I wad be scant o' claith to sole my hose wi' dock-  
ens.

I wad na fother you for your muck.

I wad ha'e something to look at on Sunday.

70 I wadna ca' the king my cousin.

I wad rather see't than hear tell o't.

I wadna be deav'd wi' your keckling for a' your  
eggs.

I winna mak' fish o' ane and flesh o' anither.

I wish you readier meat than a rinning hare.

75 I wish ye were able tho' ye ne'er did it.

I wish you as meickle good o't as dogs get o' grass.

I wish I had as meickle black spice as ye think your-  
sell wordy o' mice dirt.

## CHAP. XVIII.

- If ae sheep loup o'er the dike a' the lave will follow.
- If a lie cou'd worry you ye wad ha'e been choaked langsyne.
- If ane winna anither will, the morn's the market-day.
- If any spear at ye, may say ye watna.
- 5 If *and* spills mony a good charter.
- If a man's gaun down the brae ilk ane gi'es him a jundie.
- If beauty were a plague she wad be a cleanser.
- If e'er I find his cart tumbling I se g'e't a put.
- If he bind the pock she'll sit down upon't.
- 10 If he mak' ever a good pudding I se eat the prick
- If he be not a souter he's a good shoe clouter.
- If I canna kep geese I'll kep gaislins.
- If I canna do't by might I'll do't by sight.
- If I live anither year, I'll ca' this year fernyear.
- 15 If it can be nae better, it's weil it's nae warfe.
- If it winna be a good shoe let it gang down i' the heel.
- If it serve me to wear, it may gain you to look to.
- If it be a faut it's nae ferly.
- If it winna sell it winna fower.
- 20 If marriages are made in Heaven, ye ha'e had few friends there.
- If strakes be good to gi'e they'll be good to get.
- If the laird slights the lady his menzie will be ready.
- If the de'il be laird ye'll be tenant.

If things were to be done twice ilka ane wad be wife.

25 If the de'il find you idle he'll fet ye to wark.

If wads were yads beggars wad ride.

If we ha'e little gear we ha'e less care.

If ye ha'e little gear guide it the better.

If ye dinna like what I can gi'e, tak' what ye brought wi' ye.

30 If ye were as skitterfu' as ye're scornfu', ye wad mak' foul faldings.

If ye ca' me scabbed I'll ca' you scaw'd.

If ye can spend meickle, put the mair to the fire.

If ye brew weil ye'll drink the better.

If ye loe me kyth it.

35 If ye be angry claw your wame, and cool in the skin ye het in.

If ye wad be a merchant fine, beware of auld hories, herring, and wine.

If ye sell your purse to your wife, gi'e her your breeks to the bargain.

If ye tell your servant your secret ye mak' him your master.

If ye had as little money as ye ha'e manners, ye wad be the poorest man o' your kin.

40 If ye win at whoring ye'll tine at naithing.

If ye do a wrang mak' a mends.

If ye do nae ill dinna ill like, if ye steal n my kail break nae my dike.

If your tail were as dingsome as your tongue ye wadna fa'r sweet.

If you serve the tod ye maun bear up his tail.

45 If ye wad live for ever, wash the milk frae your liver.

If ye wad be haly, healthy, and wealthy, rise soon i' the morning.

## CHAP. XIX.

- Ill bairns are best heard at hame.  
 Ill beef ne'er made good broo'.  
 Ill comes upon war's back.  
 Ill counsel will gar a man stick his ain mare.  
 5 Ill doers are ay ill dreaders.  
 Ill deem'd haff hang'd.  
 Ill getting het water frae 'neath cauld ice.  
 Ill herds mak' fat foxes.  
 Ill hearing mak's wrang rehearsing.  
 10 Ill's good a frift.  
 Ill laying up mak's mony thieves.  
 Ill news are aft o'er true.  
 Ill payers are ay good cravers.  
 Ill to tak' and eith to tire.  
 15 Ill weeds wax weil.  
 Ill workers are ay good to-putters.  
 Ill will ne'er spake weil.  
 Ill won gear winna enrich the third heir.  
 Ill won as ill war'd.  
 20 Joke at leifure, you kenna wha may jybe yoursell.  
 Jouk and let the jaw gae o'er.  
 It came wi' the wind, let it gang wi' the water.  
 It canna rain but it pours.  
 It had been a pity to ha'e hurt twa houses wi'  
 them.  
 25 It gangs in at ae lug and out at the ither.



## CHAP. XX.

It's a baugh brewing that's no good in the new-ing.

It's a bare moor that ye gang throw, and no get a heather-cow.

It's a cauld stamock that naithing heats on.

It's a good goose that draps ay.

5 It's a good game that fills the wame.

It's a good tongue that says nae ill.

It's a good poor man's blade, it will bow or it break.

It's a hard task to be poor and leal.

It's an ill wind that blaws naebody good.

10 It's an ill cause that the lawyers think shame of.

It's an ill pack that's no worth the custom.

It's a lamb at the up-taking, but an auld sheep or ye get it aff.

It's a mean mouse that has but ae hole.

It's a' outs and ins like Willy Wood's wife's wame.

15 It's a nasty bird that files its ain nest.

It's a poor kin that has neither whore nor thief in't.

It's a sign o' a hale heart to rift at the rumple.

It's a stinking praise comes out o' ane's ain mouth.

It's a sin to lie on the de'il.

20 It's a shame to eat the cow and worry on the tail.

It's a fairy collop that's got aff the breast o' a capon.

It's a fair field where a's slain.

It's a sooth dream that's seen waking.

It's a four reek where the goodwife dings the good-man.

25 It's a filly flock where the ewe bears the bell.

It's a fairy hen that canna scrape for ae bird.

It's a fair dung bairn that mayna greet.

It's a tight tree that has neither knap nor gaw.

It's a' tint that's done to auld fowk and bairns.

It's a tint that fell by

It's a thrawn fac'd weane that's gotten against the Dad's will

It's best ganging wi' a horse in ane's hand

It's but kindly that the pock sa'r of the herring

It's better to sup wi' a cutty than want a spoon

35 It's by the head that the cow gie's milk

It's clean about the wren's door where there is nought within

It's come to meickle, but is no come to that

It's dear coft honey that's lick'd aff a thorn

It's eith crying Yool on anither man's stool

40 It's eith learning ill pratticks

It's eith finding a stick to strike a dog

It's far to seek and ill to find like Meg's maiden-head

It's fair in ha' where beards wag a'

It's a good mawt that comes a will

45 It's good baking beside meal

It's good sleeping in a hale skin

It's good to be out o' harm's gate

It's good to nip the briar in the bud

It's good fish when its gripp'd

50 It's good to dread the warst, the best will be the welcomer

It's good to be sib to filler

It's good to be good in your time, ye kenna how lang it may last

It's good to be merry and wise, quoth the miller when he mouter'd twice

- It's good gear that pleases the merchant  
 55 It's good to ha'e our cogue out when it rains  
     kail  
 It's good to ha'e twa strings to your bow  
 It's good to be fide but no trailing  
 It's hard to gar an auld mare leave flinging  
 It's hard to sit in Rome and strive wi' the Pope  
 60 It's hard for a greedy e'e to hae a leal heart  
 It's hard to please a' parties  
 It's hard baith to ha'e and want  
 It's ill to be ca'd a thief and ay found piking  
 It's ill crooking before cripples  
 65 It's ill kitchen that keeps the bread away  
 It's ill to bring out o' the flesh what's bred i' the  
     bane  
 It's ill getting breeks aff a bare arse  
 It's ill to lear the cat to the kirk  
 It's ill taking corn frae geese  
 70 It's ill bringing butt what's no there benn  
 It ill sets a haggise to be roasted  
 It's ill your kyte's common  
 It's ill meddling between the bark and the rind  
 It's ill making a silk purse of a sow's lug, or a  
     touting horn of a tod's tail  
 75 It's ill putting a blyth face on a wae heart  
 It's ill prizing green barley  
 It's kittle shooting at corbies and clergy  
 It's kittle for the cheeks when the hurlbarrow gaes  
     o'er the brig o' the nose  
 It's kittle to waken sleeping dogs  
 80 It's lang or the de'il be found dead at a dike side  
 It's lang or ye cry shew to an egg  
 It's lang or like-to-die fill the kirk-yard  
 It's meickle gars the tailor laugh, fouters girn ay  
 It's needliss to bid a wood man rin  
 85 It's needliss to pour water on a drown'd mouse  
 It's no the cowl that mak's the friar

- It's nae fin to tak' a good price, but in gi'eing ill  
measure  
It's nae mair to see a woman greet than to see a  
goose gae barefoot  
It's nae play when ane laughs and anither greets  
90 It's no tint that a friend gets  
It's no the way to grip a bird to fling your bannet  
at it  
It's no ilka ane that finds the stink o' their ain fart  
It's no what is she, but what has she  
It's nae laughing to girn in a widdy  
95 It's o'er far between the kitchen and the ha'  
It's o'er late to spare when the bottom's bare  
It's o'er stark meat for your stamock  
It's past jouking when the head's aff  
It's weil won that's won aff the wame  
10 It's weil war'd that wasters want  
It's weil that our fauts are no written on our face  
It's time enough to skreigh when ye're stricken  
It's time enough to mak' my bed when I'm gawn  
to ly down  
It's the best spake in your wheel  
105 It keeps his nose at the grindstane  
It maun be true that a' fowk says  
It may come in an hour that winna come in seven  
year  
It will be a feather out o' your wing  
It sets a sow weil to wear a saddle  
110 It sets you weil to gab again wi' your bannet  
It was ne'er for naithing that the gled whistled  
It will be a het day gars you startle  
It will be a dirten pingle between them  
It will be the last word o' his testament  
115 It will be a fire when it burns, quoth the tod when  
he p sh'd on the ice  
It will set his beard in a bleeze

## CHAP. XXI.

- Nail hains bread  
 Kame findle kame fair  
 Kamesters are aye crishy  
 Keek in the stowp was ne'er a good fellow  
 5 Keep as meickle of a Scots tongue as will lick an  
   Inglistman's arse  
 Keep hame and hame will keep you  
 Keep woo and it will be dirt, keep lint and it will  
   be filk  
 Keep out o' his company that cracks o' his cheatry  
 Keep something for a fair foot  
 10 Keep your ain fish guts to your ain sea maws  
 Keep your kill-dry'd taunts to your mouldy-hair'd  
   maidens  
 Keep your tongue within your teeth  
 Keep that at hame wi' your sell  
 Keep the feast till the feast day  
 15 Keep the staff in your ain hand  
 Keep your breath to cool your crowdie  
 Keep your mouth close and your een open  
 Ken yoursell and your neighbour winna misken  
   you  
 Kend fowk's nae company  
 20 Ken when to spend and when to spare, and ye  
   needna be bissy, and ye'll ne'er be bare  
 Kindness comes a will, it canna be coft  
 Kindness will creep where it canna gang  
 Kindness canna ay stand on ae side  
 Kindle a candle at baith ends it will soon be done  
 25 Kings are out o' play  
 Kings ha'e lang hands



- Kings caff's worth other fowk's corn  
 Kings cheefe gaes haff away in parings  
 Kings and bears aft worry their keepers  
 30 Kissing gaes by favour  
 Kifs ye me till I be white, and that will be an ill  
     web to bleach  
 Kifs a sclate stane and that winna flaver you  
 Kifs a carle and clap a carle, and that's the way to  
     tine a carle  
 Kifs my arse Kilmarnock, de'il a penny I aw you  
 35 Ketty Sweerock frae where she sat, cries reik me  
     this and reik me that  
 Kyth in your ain colours that fowk may ken you

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 CHAP. XXII.

- Lacking breeds laziness, praises breed pith  
 Laith to bed and laith to rise  
 Lang mint little dint  
 Lang fasting hains nae meat  
 5 Lang-look'd-for comes at last  
 Lang fasting gathers wind  
 Lang leal lang poor  
 Lang or ye cut Fawkland wood wi' a penknife  
 Lang or four bare legs gather heat in a bed  
 10 Lang standing and little offering mak's a poor  
     priest  
 Lang straes are nae motes  
 Lang tongu'd wives gae lang wi' bairn  
 Lang tarrying tines thank  
 Lang sports turn to earnest  
 15 Langest at the fire soonest finds cauld

- Langer lasts year than yule  
 Lang or ye saddle a foal  
 Lang speaking part maun spill  
 Lassies are like lamb legs, they'll neither faut nor  
 keep  
 20 Law's costly, take a pint and 'gree  
 Law makers shou'd na be law breakers  
 Laugh at leisure, ye may greet ere night  
 Laugh and lay't down again  
 Lay the head o' the sow to the tail o' the grice  
 25 Lay the sweet side o' your tongue til't  
 Lay the sib side undermost, and reckon when ye  
 rise  
 Leal heart never lied  
 Leave welcome behind ye  
 Leave aff as lang as the play's good  
 30 Learn your good dam to kirk wash  
 Learn young learn fair  
 Leave the court or it leave thee  
 Learn you to a use and ye'll ca't custom  
 Learn the cat to the kirk and she'll ay be lickin  
 35 Letna the plough stand to slay a mouse  
 Let alane mak's mony a iown  
 Let ae de'il ding anither  
 Let a' trades live, quoth the wife when she burnt  
 her besom  
 Let a friend gang wi' a fie  
 40 Let bell'd wathers break the snaw  
 Let by-ganes be by-ganes, and fair play in time to  
 come  
 Let him tak' a spring on his ain fiddle  
 Let him haud the bairn that aught the bairn  
 Let him come to himsell like Macgibbon's crow-  
 die  
 45 Let him cool in the skin he het in  
 Let him that's cauld blaw up the ingle  
 Let his ain wand ding him  
 Let it fa' upon the seyest

- Let ilka ane be content wi' his ain kavel  
 50 Let ilka sheep hang by its ain flank  
 Let ne'er your gear o'er gang you  
 Let ne'er sorrow come fae near your heart  
 Let the meickle horse get the meickle wonlyne  
 Let the horns gang wi' the hide  
 55 Let the morn come and the meat wi' it  
 Let the eard big the dike  
 Let the kirk stand i' the kirk yard  
 Let them laugh that win  
 Let them care that come behind

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### CHAP. XXIII.

- Lick your loof and lay't to mine, dry leather jeegs  
 ay  
 Lickmydowp's a court post  
 Lie for him and he'll swear for you  
 Light suppers mak' lang life days  
 5 Little winning mak's a heavy purse  
 Lightly come lightly gane  
 Light burdens break nae banes  
 Like draws to like, a scabbed horse to an auld  
 dike  
 Like Scots men, ay wise behind the hand  
 10 Like the cur in the crub, he'll neither do nor let  
 do  
 Like Lamington's mare, ye brake brawly aff but  
 soon set up  
 Like butter i' the black dogs hawse  
 Like a Scots man, ye tak' your mark frae an ill  
 hour

# SCOTS PROVERBS.

39

Likely lies aft i' the mire, when unlikely wins thro'

- 15 Like the maidens o' Bayordie, ye learn by the ear

Lik'd gear's haff bought

Like hens, ye rin ay to the heap

Like's an ill mark

Like the bairns o' Falkirk, ye mind naithing but mischief

- 20 Like a sow playing on a trump

Like the kimmer that claw'd the stool instead o' her arse

Like the wife, that ne'er cries for the ladle till the pot rins o'er

Like the cat, fain fish wad ye eat, but ye are laith to weet your feet

Like the wife wi' the mony daughters, the best comes hindmost

- 25 Lips gae laps gae drink and pay

Lippen to me but look to yoursell

Little kens the wife that sits by the fire, how the wind blows on hurle burle fwire

Little Jock gets the little dish, and that hauds him lang little

Little can a lang tongue lien

- 30 Little ken'd the lefs care'd for

Little gear the lefs care

Little wats the ill willy wife what a dinner may haud in

Little odds between a feast and a fou wame

Little said is soon mended, little gear's soon spend-  
ed

- 35 Little wit i' the head mak's meickle travel to the feet

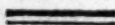
Little meddling mak's fair parting

Little may an auld nag do that maunna nigher

Little dogs ha'e lang tails

Little menfe to the cheeks to bite aff the nose

- 40 Live and let live  
 Live upon love as lav'rocks do on leeks  
 Look before ye lowp, ye'll ken the better how to  
 light  
 Lordships change manners  
 Loud on the loan was ne'er a good milk cow
- 45 Love and jealousy are findle findry  
 Love and light winna hide  
 Love and lordships like nae marrows  
 Love and raw pease break the heart and bursts the  
 wame  
 Love's as warm amang cotters as courtiers
- 50 Love has nae lack, be the dame ne'er fae black  
 Love me love my dog  
 Love me lightly love me lang  
 Love o'er het soonest cools  
 Love o'erlooks mony fauts
- 55 Love your friend and look to yoursell  
 Ly in your bed and lippen to that



## CHAP. XXIV.

- Maidens shou'd be mim till they're married, and  
 then they may burn kirks  
 Maidens should be mild and meek, quick to hear  
 and slow to speak  
 Maidens bairns are ay weil bred  
 Maidens tochers and ministers stipends are ay less  
 than ca'd
- 5 Mair by luck than good guiding  
 Mair haste the waur speed, quoth the tailor to the  
 lang-threed



- Mair hamely than welcome  
 Mair nice than wife  
 Mak' ae wrang step and down you gae  
 10 Mak' a kirk and a mill o't  
 Mak' friends o' fremit fowk  
 Mak' nae bawks o' good bear land  
 Mak' the best o' an ill bargain  
 Mak' your hay when the sun shines  
 15 Malice is ay mindfu'  
 Man propones but God dispones  
 Marry a beggar and get a loose for your tocher  
 Marry in haste repent at leisure  
 Marry aboon match and get a master  
 20 Mastery maws down the meadow  
 May bids keep a lock hay  
 May bees flee not at this time o' the year  
 Maybe your pot may need my clips  
 Mealy mou'd maids stand lang at the mill  
 25 Measure twice cut but anes  
 Meat's good but mense is better  
 Meat feeds, and claith cleads, but manners mak's  
     the man  
 Meat and mass hinders nae man  
 Meddle wi' your match  
 30 Men are not to be met by inches  
 Mettal's dangerous in a blind mare  
 Met and measure mak's a man wise  
 Messengers shou'd neither be headed nor hang'd  
 Meickle fails that fools think  
 35 Meickle corn mickle care  
 Meickle wad ay hae mair  
 Meickle spoken part spilt  
 Meickle power make mony faes  
 Meickle mouth'd fowk has ay hap to their meat  
 40 Meickle musing mars the memory  
 Meickle maun a good heart thole  
 Meickle may fa' between the cap and the lip.  
 Meickle water rins by that the miller wats not of

- Meickle pleasure some pain  
 45 Meickie about ane quoth the de'il to the coallier  
 Meickledom is nae virtue  
 Might o'ercomes right  
 Mills and wives are ay wanting  
 Mint ere ye strike  
 50 Minting gets nae bairns  
 Misterfu' fowk maunna be mensfou'  
 Mister mak's man o' craft  
 Mistress afore fowk, good wife behind backs, where  
 lies the dish clout

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### CHAP. XXV.

- Money will gar the pot play tho' the de'il pish in  
 the fire  
 Money is welcome in a dirten clout  
 Money mak's money  
 Money mak's a man free ilka where  
 5 Mony hands mak' light wark  
 Mony a ane kisses the bairn for love o' the nurice  
 Mony masters, quoth the paddock when ilka time  
 o' the harrow took him a tid  
 Mony hounds may soon worry ae hare  
 Mony excuses pishes the bed  
 10 Mony heads are better than ane  
 Mony purses had friends lang together  
 Mony fair promises at marriage make few at tocher  
 good paying  
 Mony say weil when it was ne'er waur  
 Mony care for meal that ha'e baken bread e-  
 nough

- 15 Mony a ane serves a thankful master  
 Mony a ane tines the haff-merk whinger for the  
 haffpenny whang  
 Mony lack what they wad ha'e in their pack  
 Mony wyte their wife for their ain thriftless life
- 20 Mony dogs die or ye fa' heir  
 Mony a ane's gear has hasten'd their hinderend  
 Mony aunts mony eems, mony kin and few  
 friends  
 Mony good nights is laith away  
 Mony words fill na the firloot
- 25 Mony ane's coat saves his doublet  
 Mony ways to kill a dog tho' ye dinna hang him  
 Mony cooks ne'er made good kail  
 Mony sma's mak' a great  
 Mony a ane mak's an errand to the ha' to bid the  
 lady good day
- 30 Mony irons i' the fire part maun cool  
 Mony a ane speaks o' Robin Hood that ne'er shot  
 in his bow  
 Mony kens the goodfellow that kenna the good-  
 fellow's wife  
 Mony ane opens their pack and sells nae wares  
 Mony a ane spears the gate they ken fu' weil
- 35 Mony women mony words, mony geese mony  
 turds  
 Mouths are nae measure  
 Mows may come to earnest  
 Moyer does meickle, but money does mair  
 Murder will out
- 40 Mutton's sweet, and gars mony die or they be  
 sick  
 Must's a king's word  
 My son's my son ay till he get a wife, my daugh-  
 ter's my daughter a' the days o' her life  
 My neist neighbour's skaith is my present peril  
 My tongue is no 'neath your belt

- 45 My market's made, ye may lick a whip-shaft  
My profit's no your tinsel

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C H A P. XXVI.

- Nae butter sticks to his bread  
Nae fool to an auld fool  
Nae friend to a friend in need  
Nae fleeing without wings  
5 Nae great loss but there's some sma' advantage  
Nae langer pipe nae langer dance  
Nae man has a tack o' his life  
Nae man can mak' his ain hap  
Nae man can thrive unless his wife lets him  
10 Nae man can live langer in peace than his neighbours like  
Nae mair haste than good speed  
Nae penny nae pater-noster  
Nae profit but pains  
Nae sooner up than her head's in the ambry  
15 Nae safe wading in unco waters  
Nae weather's ill if the wind be still  
Nae wonder ye be auld like, ilka thing fashes ye  
Nae wonder dirt be dear when farts gi'e five shilling  
Nae wonder to see wasters want  
20 Naithing freer than a gift  
Naithing comes fairer to light than what has been lang hidden  
Naithing is balder than a blind mare  
Naithing enters into a close hand

- Naithing fae crouse as a new washen louse  
 25 Naithing's ill to be done when will's at hame  
 Naithing to be done in haste but gripping of flaes  
 Naithing to do but draw in your stool and sit down  
 Naithing venture naithing win  
 Nane but fools and knaves lay wagers  
 30 Nane ferlies mair than fools  
 Nane shou'd drink but them that can drink  
 Nane fae weil but he hopes to be better  
 Nane can mak' a bore but ye'll find a pin till't  
 Nane can play the fool fae weil as a wise man  
 35 Narrow gather'd widely spent  
 Nature pass'es nurture  
 Near's my fark but nearer my skin  
 Nearest the heart nearest the mou'  
 Nearer the e'en the mae beggars  
 40 Nearest the kirk the farthest frae God  
 Neck or naithing, the king loo's nae cripples  
 Necessity has nae law  
 Need mak's a man o' craft  
 Need will gar an auld wife trot and a naked man  
 rin  
 45 Neither fish nor flesh nor good red herring  
 Neither fae sinfu' as to sink, nor so haly as to saunt  
 New lords ha'e new laws  
 Ne'er a barrel better herrings  
 Ne'er break out o' kind to gar your friends ferly  
 at you  
 50 Ne'er draw your durk when a dunt will do't  
 Ne'er find faut wi' my shoon unless ye pay my  
 cobbler  
 Ne'er gae to the de'il wi' a dish-clout about your  
 head  
 Ne'er gi'e me my dead in a toom dish  
 Ne'er kifs a man's arse till he let down his breeks  
 55 Ne'er jaw water on a drown'd mouse  
 Ne'er kifs a man's wife or dight his knife, for  
 he'll do baith after you



- Ne'er lippen o'er meickle to a new friend or an  
 auld enemy  
 Ne'er let on you, but laugh in your ain sleeve  
 Ne'er mak' toom roose  
 60 Ne'er meet ne'er pay  
 Ne'er marry a widow unless her first man was  
 hang'd  
 Ne'er put a sword in a wood man's hand  
 Ne'er put the plough before the owfen  
 Ne'er quat certainty for hope  
 65 Ne'er o'er auld to learn  
 Ne'er rax aboon your reach  
 Ne'er say ill-fellow deal ye with  
 Ne'er say gae but gang  
 Ne'er scad your lips in other fowks kail  
 70 Ne'er seek a wife till ye ken what to do wi' her  
 Ne'er shaw me the meat but the man  
 Ne'er shaw your teeth unless ye can bite  
 Ne'er strive against the stream  
 Ne'er tell your fae when your foot sleeps  
 75 Ne'er tak' a fore-hammer to break an egg when  
 ye can do't wi' a pen knife  
 Ne'er use the taws when a gloom can do the  
 turn  
 Ne'er venture ne'er win  
 Nipping and scarting's Scot's fowk's wooing  
 Nineteen nay-says o' a maiden are haff a gran  
 80 Now's now, and yule's in winter  
 Nobility without ability, is like a pudding without  
 suet

## CHAP. XXVII.

O'er braw a purse to put a plack in  
 O'er haly was hanged and rough and sonfy wan  
 away

O'er meickle o' ae thing is good for naithing

O'er meickle hamelinefs spills good courtesy

5 O'er meickle cookery spills the brachan

O'er meickle loose leather about your chafts

O'er meickle daffin downa

O'er mony grieves but hinder the wark

O'er narrow counting culzies nae kindness

10 O'er rackless may repent

O'er sicker o'er loose

O'er strong meat for your weak stomach

O' a' sorrow a fou sorrow's best

O' a' fish i' the sea herring is the king

15 O' a' meat i' the warld drink gaes best down

O' a little tak' a little, when there's nought  
 tak' a'

O' bairns gifts ne'er be fain, nae sooner they gi'e  
 but they seek them again

O' enough men leave

O' ill debtors men get aiths

20 O' other fowks leather ye tak' large whangs

O' twa ills chuse the least

On painting and fighting look adriegh

Open confession is good for the faul

Oppression will mak' a wise man wood

25 Our sins and debts are aften mair than we think of,

Out o' debt out o' danger

Out o' the peat-pot into the gutter

Out o' Davy Lindsay into Wallace

- Out o' fight out o' langour  
 30 Out o' God's blessing into the warm sun  
 Out the high-gate is fair play

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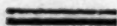


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### CHAP. XXVIII.

- Pay him hame in his ain coin  
 Penny wife and pound fool  
 Pennylefs fauls may pine in purgatory  
 Peter in Paul's out  
 5 Pith's good in a' play  
 Placks and bawbees grow pounds  
 Play's good while it is play  
 Play wi' your play feres  
 Please your kimmer and ye'll easilly guide your  
 gossip  
 10 Plenty makes dainty  
 Poor fowk are soon pished on  
 Poor fowk's friends soon misken them  
 Poor fowk are fain o' little  
 Poortith parts good company  
 15 Poortith wi' patience is less painfu'  
 Poorly fits richly warms  
 Possession is eleven points o' the law  
 Praise but profit puts nought i' the pot  
 Pray and put to your hand  
 20 Pride and grace dwell never in ae place  
 Pride ne'er leaves its master till he get a fa'  
 Pride and swearnels tak' meickle uphadding  
 Pride finds nae cauld  
 Provision in season mak's a bien house

- 25 Poets and painters ha'e liberty to lie  
 Put a coward to his metal and he'll fight the de'il  
 Put anither man's bairn in your bosom, and he'll  
 creep out at your sleeve.  
 Put on your spurs and be at your speed  
 Put twa pennies in a purse and they'll creep to-  
 gether
- 30 Put the saddle on the right horse  
 Put your hand nae farther than your sleeve will  
 reach  
 Put your hand i' the creel, and tak' out an adder  
 or an eel  
 Put your hand twice to your bannet for anes to  
 your pouch  
 Put your finger i' the fire and say it was your for-  
 tune
- 35 Puddings and paramours shou'd be hetly handled  
 Puddings and wort are hasty dirt



## CHAP. XXIX.

- Quality without quantity is little thought of  
 Quey catts are dear veal  
 Quick for you'll never be cleanly  
 Quick at meat quick at wark
- 5 Quick returns mak' rich merchants

## CHAP. XXX.

- Rackless youth mak's ruefu' eild  
 Raise nae mae de'ils than ye're able to lay  
 Rather spill your joke than tine your friend  
 Raw dawds mak' fat lads  
 5 Raw leather raxes  
 Reayers shou'd na be ruers  
 Reckon up your winning at your bed stock  
 Red wood mak's good spindles  
 Refer my coat and tine a sleeve  
 10 Remove an auld tree and it will wither  
 Remember man, and keep in mind, a faithfu'  
     friend is hard to find.  
 Rich fowk ha'e rowth o' friends  
 Ride fair and jap nane  
 Right mixture mak's good mortar  
 15 Right wrangs nae man  
 Rob Gib's contract, stark love and kindness  
 Rob Peter to pay Paul  
 Robin that herds on the height, can be as blyth as  
     Sir Robert the knight  
 Rome was na bigged in ae day  
 20 Roose the ford as ye find it  
 Roose the fair day at e'en  
 Rot him away wi' butter and eggs  
 Royet lads may mak' sober men  
 Rue and time grow baith in ae garden  
 25 Rule youth weil, for eild will rule it sell



## C H A P. XXXI.

- Sae mony men sae mony minds  
 Sail quoth the king, Haud quoth the wind  
 Sain yoursell frae the de'il and the laird's bairns  
 Sair cravers are ay ill payers  
 5 Satan reproving fin  
 Saut quoth the souter when he had eaten a cow a'  
     but the tail  
 Saw thin shear thin  
 Saw wheat in dirt and rye in dust  
 Say weil and do weil end wi' ae letter,  
 10 Say weil's good, but do weil's better  
 Say still no and ye'll ne'er be married  
 Saying gangs cheap  
 Scant o' grace hears lang preachings  
 Scant o' cheeks mak's a lang nose  
 15 Scart the cogue wad sup mair  
 Scorn comes commonly wi' skaith  
 Seeing's believing a' the world o'er  
 See for love and buy for money  
 Seek your saw where ye gat your ail, and beg your  
     barm where ye buy your ale  
 20 Seek meickle and get something, seek little and get  
     naithing  
 Seethe stanes in butter the broo will be good  
 Second thoughts are best  
 Seil ne'er comes till sorrow be away  
 Send you to the sea ye'll no get saut water  
 25 Send your gentle blood to the market and see  
     what it will buy  
 Self deed self fae  
 Serve your sell till your bairns come to age

- Set a beggar on horseback he'll ride to the de'il  
 Set that down on the back side o' your count boog
- 30 Set a knave to grip a knave  
 Set a stout heart to a stay brae  
 Set your foot upon that, and it winna lowp on  
 your face  
 Shame fa' them that shame think to do themselves  
 a good turn  
 Shame's past the shed o' your hair
- 35 Sharp stomachs mak' short graces  
 Shaw me the man and I'll shaw you the law  
 Shawl waters mak' maist din  
 She's a wife wife that wats her ain wierd  
 She that gangs to the well wi' ill will, either the  
 pig breaks, or the water will spill
- 40 She looks as if butter wadna melt in her mou  
 She's as canker'd as gin she had pish'd on a nettle  
 She has na gotten the first seat on the midden  
 She looks like a lady in a landward kirk  
 She's as leal a maiden as the man left her
- 45 She brake her elbuck at the kirk door  
 She'll keep her ain side o' the house, and gang up  
 and down in yours  
 She has coosten a leggen girth  
 She's spinning clews for the midden, and wae to  
 the wabster  
 She hauds up her head like a hen drinking water
- 50 She that tak's gifts hersell she sells, and she that  
 gi'es them does nought else  
 She'll be a good sale wisp  
 She's not to be made a sang of  
 She's better than she's bony  
 She's gotten a kid in her kilting
- 75 She'll wear like a horse shoe, ay the langer the  
 clearer  
 She's black but she has a sweet smack  
 She's greeting at the thing she leugh at fernyear

Shod i' the cradle and barefoot on the stibble  
 Short fowk are soon angry, their heart's soon at  
 their mou'

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C H A P. XXXII.

Sic a man as thou wad be, draw thee to sic com-  
 pany

Sic man sic master, sic priest sic offering

Sic as ye gi'e sic will ye get

Sic things will happen if we sell ale

5 Sic reek as is therein comes out o' the lum

Silence grips the mouse

Silks and fatins put out the kitchen fire

Sindle ride tines the spurs

Sindle seen soon forgotten

10 Slaw at meat flaw at wark

Slander leaves a slur

Smooth waters rin deep

Sma' fish are better than nae fish

Soon enough to cry chuck when it's out o' the  
 shell

15 Soon ripe soon rotten, soon het-foon cauld

Soon up soon i' the ambry

Soon enough if weil enough

Some body may come to kaim your head back-  
 ward

Some has hap and some sticks i' the gap

20 Sorrow's soon enough when it comes

Sorrow and ill weather come unsent for

Sorrow and ill life mak' soon an auld wife

Some ha'e a hantle fauts, ye're only a ne'er do weil

- Sow'r plumbs quoth the tod when he coudna lim  
the tree
- 25 Souters and tailors count hours  
Souters shou'dna gae ayont their laft  
Souters shou'dna be failors that can neither steer  
nor row  
Spare at the spigot and let out the bung  
Spare when your young and spend when your auld
- 30 Spae weil and ha'e weil  
Speak the truth and shame the de'il  
Speer at Jock Thief if I be a leal man  
Spend and God will fend, spare and be bare  
Speak good o' pipers, your father was a fidler
- 35 Speak when you're spoken to, and drink when you  
are drunken to  
Speak o' the de'il and he'll appear  
Spilt ale is waur than water  
Spit on a stane and it will be wet at laft  
Standers-by see mair than gamesters
- 40 Standing dubs gather dirt  
Stay and drink o' your ain browst  
Stay nae langer in your friend's house than ye are  
welcome  
Sticking gangs na by strength, but by right guid-  
ing o' the gooly  
Stown dints are sweetest
- 45 Strike as ye feed and that's but soberly  
Strike the iron as lang as it's het  
Stuffing hauds out storms  
Sturt fellows a' extremes  
Sturt pays nae debt
- 50 Sudden friendship sure repentance  
Supp'd out wort was ne'er good ale  
Surfeits slay mae than swords  
Sweet i' the bed and sweer up i' the morning, is  
not the best house-wife  
Swear by your brunt shins

- 5 Sweet at the on-taking sower in the aff putting  
Sweer to bed and sweer up i' the morning

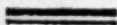
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C H A P. XXXIII.

- Tak' your will o't as the cat did o' the haggise  
Tak' it a' and pay the merchant  
Tak' a spring o' your fiddle, and dance when ye  
ha'e done  
Tak' the bit and the buffet wi't  
5 Tak' a pint and gree, the law's costly  
Tak' your ain will and then ye'll no die o' the pet  
Tak' time ere time be tint  
Tak' your venture as mony a good ship has done  
Tak' your thanks to feed your cat  
o Tak' nae mair on your back than you're able to  
bear  
Tak' wit i' your anger  
Tak' care o' the man that God has marked  
Tak' as ye come too  
Tak' a hair o' the dog that bit you  
15 Tak' part o' the peif when the pack's a dealing  
Tak' your will you're wise enough  
Tak' a man by his word and a cow by her horn  
Tak' me not up before I fa'  
Tak' up the next you find  
20 Tam-tell-truth's nae courtier  
Tary breeks pay nae freight  
Tapped hens like cock crawling  
Tear ready tail ready  
Tell a tale to a mare and she'll let a fart  
25 Tell nae tales out o' the school



- Tell not your fae when your foot's sleeping  
 Tell your gley'd goodame that  
 That's a tee'd ha'  
 That's a tale o' twa drinks  
 30 That's but ae doctor's opinion  
 That bowt came ne'er out o' your bag.  
 That's carrying sawt to Dyfart, and puddings to  
 Tranent  
 That's for the father but no for the son  
 That's for that and butter's for fish  
 35 That's Halkerston's cow  
 That's my tale, whare's yours  
 That's hard, as the wife said when she shiit flint  
 That's the piece a step-bairn ne'er gat  
 That's the way to marry me if ye ha'e hap to  
 do it  
 40 That which God will gi'e the de'il canna reeve  
 That winna be a mote i' your marriage



## C H A P. XXXIV.

- The auld aver may die waiting for new grafs  
 The auld dog maun die in some body's aught  
 The back and the belly hauds every ane busy  
 The bairn speaks i' the field what he hears at the  
 fire-side  
 5 The bird maun flighter that flies wi' ae wing  
 The bird that can sing and winna sing shou'd be  
 gart sing  
 The best is ay best cheap  
 The black ox ne'er tred on your taes

# SCOTS PROVERBS.

77

- The better day the better deed
- 10 The bag to the auld stent, and the belt to the yule hole
- The book o' maybees is very braid
- The banes o' a great estate's worth the picking
- The banes bear the beef hame
- The blind man's peck shou'd be weil measur'd
- 15 The cat wad fain fish eat,
- But she is laith to weet her feet
- The cause is good, and the word fa' on
- The cow may want her ain tail yet
- The cure may be warse than the disease
- The cow that's first up gets the first o' the dew
- 20 The death o' ae bairn winna skail a house
- The dorty dame may fa' i' the dirt
- The de'il bides his day
- The de'il was sick, the de'il a monk wad be:
- The de'il grew hale, syne de'il a monk was he
- The de'il's ay good to his ain
- 25 The death o' the first wife made sic a hole in his heart, that a' the lave slip easily through
- The de'il's bairns ha'e de'il's luck
- The de'il's good when he's pleas'd
- The de'il ne'er sent a wind out o' hell but he wad fail wi't.
- The day has een and the night hears
- 30 The de'il's ay busy wi' his ain
- The de'il will tak' little ere he want a'
- The de'il drives ay his hogs to an ill market
- The de'il does na ay show his cloven cloots
- The de'il's gane o'er John Wabster
- 35 The de'il's ay good to beginners
- The e'ening brings a' hame
- The e'ening red and the morning gray,
- Is a good sign o' a fair day
- The farthest way about is aft the nearest gate hame
- The first fuf o' a fat haggise is the bauldest
- 40 The foremost hound grips the hare

- The foot at the cradle and the hand at the reel,  
 Is a sign o' a wife that means to do weil  
 The father buys, the son biggs  
 The oye sells, and his son thiggs  
 The farther in the deeper  
 The flesh is ay fairest that's farthest frae the bane  
 45 The feathers bear awa' the flesh  
 The first dish is best eaten  
 The grace o' a gray bannock is in the baking o't  
 The greedy man and the gielanger are weil met  
 The gait gi'es a good milking, but dings it down  
 wi' her feet  
 50 The good or ill hap o' a good or ill life,  
 Is the good or ill choice o' a good or ill wife  
 The greatest tochers mak' not the greatest testa-  
 ments  
 The gray mare may be the best horse  
 The greatest burthens are not the maist gainfu'  
 55 The gravest fish is an oyster,  
 The gravest bird's an owl,  
 The gravest beast's an afs,  
 And the gravest man's a fool  
 The greatest clerks are not the wisest men  
 The happy man canna be herried  
 The hen's egg gangs to the ha'  
 To bring the goose's egg awa'  
 The higher up the greater fa'  
 60 The higher the hill the laigher the grafs  
 The hurt man writes wi' steel on marble stane  
 The king's errand may come in the cadger's gate  
 The kirk's meikle, but ye may say mafs in the  
 end o't  
 The kirk's ay greedy  
 65 The king may come to Kelly yet  
 The langer we live we see the mae ferlies  
 The lazy man's the beggar's brother  
 The lucky pennyworth sells soonest  
 The langest day will ha'e an end

- 70 The lafs that lightlies may lament  
The laird may be laired and need his hind's help.  
The man may eithly fine a fto that canna count his  
kinsh.  
The mafter's foot's the beft muck.  
The mair ye gréet ye'll pifh the lefs.
- 75 The mother of a mifchief is nae better than a midge  
wing.  
The miller gat ne'er better mouther than what he  
took wi' his ain hand.  
The mae the merrier, the fewer the better chear  
The mair ye tred on a turd it grows the braider  
The meal cheap and the fhoon dear, that fouters  
wives like weil to hear.
- 80 The mair coft the mair honour.  
The mawt is aboon the meal wi' him.  
The mair noble the mair humble  
The mother's breath's ay fweet  
The mair ye fteer the mair ye'll flink
- 85 The mafter's e'e mak's the horfe fat  
The mair mifchief the better fport  
The name o' an honeft woman's meikle worth  
The nieft time ye dance tent wha ye tak' by the  
hand  
The pains o'ergangs the profit
- 90 The prieft chriftens his ain bairn firft  
The piper wants meikle that wants his nether-  
chafts  
The poor man's ay put to the warft  
The poor man pays for a'  
The poor man's fhilling's but a penny
- 95 The reek follows the faireft  
The reek o' my ain houfe is better than the fire o'  
my neighbour's  
The ftrongeft horfe lowps the dike  
The fcholar may war the mafter  
The fill fow eats up a' the draff

- 100 The stowp that gangs aft to the well, comes hame  
 broken at last  
 The smith has ay a spark in his hawse  
 The scabby head looes na the kame  
 The fimple man's the beggar's brother  
 The subjects' love's the king's life guard  
 105 The smith's mare and the fouter's wife's ay warst  
 shod  
 The fouter ga'e the sow a kifs, grumph quoth she  
 that's for a birfs  
 The swine's run through't  
 The thieffer like the better foger  
 The thacker said to his man, let us raife this lad-  
 der if we can  
 110 The thing that's done's no to do  
 The thing that's fristed's not forgi'en  
 The thing that lies not in your gate breaks not  
 your shins  
 The thing that's in your wame's not in your tes-  
 tament  
 The thrift o' you and the woo o' a dog wou'd  
 mak' a braw web  
 115 The thrift o' you was the death o' your goodame  
 The tod ne'er sped better than when he gade his  
 ain errand  
 The tod keeps ay his ain hole clean  
 The tod's whelps are ill to tame  
 The tod ne'er fares better than when he's bann'd  
 120 The tree does na fa' at the first strake  
 The water will ne'er reeve the widdy  
 The warst warld that e'er was some man wan  
 The warst warld that e'er was the mawtman gat  
 his sack again  
 The warse luck now, the better anither time  
 125 The weakeft gangs to the wa'  
 The worth o' a thing is best ken'd by the want o't  
 The wife's ay welcome that comes wi' a crooked  
 oter



- The weeds o'ergrow the corn  
 The world is bound to nae man  
 130 The unfonfy fish gets the unlucky bait.

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C H A P. XXXV.

- There's mony a true tale tald in a jest  
 There's mair knavery amang kirkmen than there  
     is honesty amang courtiers  
 There's a measure in a' things  
 There's meikle to do when burgers ride  
 5 There's mair room without than within  
 There's nane sae blind as them that winna see  
 There's naething ill said that's nae ill tane  
 There's nae sic a word in a' Wallace  
 There's nae sport where there is neither auld fowk  
     nor bairns  
 10 There's nae breard like a midding breard  
 There's nae remedy for fear but cut aff the head  
 There was never a good town but there was a dub  
     at the end o't  
 There was never a fair word in flyting  
 There was ay some water where the stirk drown'd  
 15 There was never a cake but it had its maik  
 There was a wife that kept her supper for her  
     breakfast, an' she was dead or day  
 There was never a slut but had a slit  
 There was never enough where naething was left  
 There was never a silly Jocky but there was as  
     silly a Jenny  
 20 There was anither gotten that night that ye was  
     born  
 There was never a thrifty wife wi' a sheet about  
     her head  
 There's beild aneath an auld man's beard

- There is steel i' the needie point, tho' little o't  
 There is skill in gruel-making
- 35 There is nae fence against a flail  
 There twa fools met  
 There is a time to gley an' a time to look even  
 There is a great differ amang market-days  
 There is little wit in his pow that lights the candle  
 at the low
- 36 There is an end of an auld fang.  
 There is a tough finew in an auld wife's heel  
 There is a differ betwisht the piper and his bitch  
 There fathers were never fellows  
 There is ay life for a living man
- 35 There is a whawp i' the raip  
 There is an act i' the laird of Grant's court, that  
 no aboon eleven speak at anes  
 There are mae whores an' thieves in my kin than  
 honest fowk in yours  
 There are mae ways to the wood than ane  
 There are mae working days than life days
- 40 There are twa enoughts, an' he has gotten ane o'  
 them  
 There is ae day of reckoning an' anither o' pay-  
 ment  
 There are mae married than good house hadders  
 There's a bonny reason wi' a rag about the foot  
 o't  
 There came never ill after good advisement
- 45 There came never sic a gliff to a daw's heart  
 There came never a hearty fart out o' a wren's  
 arse  
 There is a sliddery stane before the ha' door  
 There's a day coming that will shaw whase arse  
 is blackest  
 There's a difference between will ye buy an' will  
 ye sell
- 36 There's as good fish i' the sea as e'er came out o't  
 There is fey blude i' your head

- There's a great difference between fenn an' fare-  
weil  
There grows nae grafs at the cross  
There is a hole i' the house  
55 There is life in a mussel as lang as she cheeps  
There is little for the rake after the shoal  
There is little mair between the poor and the rich  
but a piece o' an ill year  
There is little to sew when tailors are true

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### CHAP. XXXVI.

- They are weil guided that God guides.  
They are ay good that are far awa'  
They are like the grices, if ye kittle their wame  
they fa' on their backs.  
They are lightly harried that ha'e a' their ain  
5 They are sad rents that come in wi' tears  
They are not a' saints that get haly water  
They complain early that complain o' their kail  
They draw the cat-harrows  
They 'gree like butter an' mells  
10 They ha'e need o' a canny cook that ha'e but ae  
egg to their dinner  
They loo me for little that hate me for nought  
They may ken by your beard what has been on  
your board  
They mense little the mouth that bite aff the nose  
They never beuk a good cake but may bake an ill  
ane  
15 They ne'er saw great dainties that think a haggise  
a feast  
They should kiss the goodwife that wou'd win the  
goodman

- They speak o' my drinking that ne'er think o' my drouth  
 They that see you a' day winna break the house for you at night  
 They that hain at their dinner will ha'e the mair to their supper  
 20 They that get a word o' soon rising may lie in their bed a' day  
 They that laugh in the morning may greet ere night  
 They that gi'e you hinder you to buy  
 They that live langest fetch wood farthest  
 They that see your head see na your height  
 25 They ha'e been born as poor as you that ha'e come to a pouchfu' o' green pease ere they died  
 They that burn you for a witch lose a' their coals  
 They that drink langest live langest  
 They that ha'e rowth o' butter may lay it thick on their scon  
 They that ne'er fill'd a cradle should not sit in ane  
 30 They that lie down for love shou'd rise for hunger  
 They will ken by an Atchison if the priest will tak' an offering  
 They were scant o' bairns that brought you up  
 They were never fain that sidg'd, nor fou that licked dishes  
 They wist as weil that didna speer  
 35 They wyte you an' you no wytlefs.  
 They will let little gae by them that catches a fart  
 They were never first at the wark that bid God speed the wark  
 They that eat till they sweat and work till they're cauld, sic servants are fitter to hang than to hald  
 They never ga'e wi' the speet but they gat wi' the laddle  
 40 They that bourd wi' cats may count upo' scarts  
 They are eith hindered that are not furdersome

## C H A P. XXXVII.

Thistles are a sallad for an afs  
 Thole weil is good for burning  
 Thoughts beguil'd the lady  
 Thoughts are free, though I mayna fae meikle I can  
 yerker at the thinking

5 Three is ay sonsy  
 Three can keep a secret if twa be awa'  
 Till ither tinklers ill met ye 'gree  
 Time o' day to find the nest when the birds are  
 flown

Time tint is ne'er to be found  
 10 Time an' thinking tame the strongest grief  
 Time an' tide will tarry for nae man  
 Time tries a'  
 Time heart and a's gane  
 Time book time grace  
 15 Time thimble time thrift  
 Tip when ye will, ye shall lamb wi' the lave  
 Tit for tat, quoth the Carline when she farted at  
 the thunder

Toom pocks will too ly  
 Touch a gaw'd horse on the back and he'll fling  
 20 Touch na me on the fair heel  
 Tramp on a snail, and she'll shoot out her horns  
 Trot father trot mother, how can the foal amble  
 True blue will ne'er stain  
 Truth an' honesty keeps the crown o' the causy  
 25 True love kyths in time o' need  
 Try your friend ere you need him  
 Try before you trust  
 Twa hungry meals mak' the third a glutton  
 Twa dogs striving about ae bane and the third ran  
 awa' wi't

30 Twa blacks makes na ae white



- Twa things ane shoul'd no be angry at, what he can  
 help, an' what he canna help  
 Twa fools in a house are a couple o'er mony  
 Twa words maun gang to that bargain  
 Twine tow, your minny was a gude spinner  
 35 Twa wits are better than ane  
 Twa heads may lie upon ae cod, and naebody ken  
 whar' the luck lies  
 Twa conveniencies findle times meet, what's good  
 for the plants is ill for the peats
- 

## CHAP. XXXVIII.

- Wad ye gar me trow that my head's cow'd, when  
 ne'er a sheers came on't  
 Wad ye gar us trow that the moon's made of green  
 cheefe, or that spade shafts bear plumbs  
 Wae to the wame that has a wilfu' master  
 Wae's them that ha'e the cat's dish, and she ay  
 mewting  
 5 Wae worth ill company, quoth the Kae of Camp-  
 nethen  
 Wae's the wife that want's the tongue, but weil's  
 the man that get's her  
 Wage well get a page  
 Want o' wit's waur than want o' wealth  
 Weir mak's thieves, and peace hangs them  
 10 Wark bears witness o' wha weil does  
 Water stowps had nae ale  
 Wealth gars wit waver  
 Wealth in the widow's house, kail but saut  
 Weans maun creep ere they gang  
 15 Wedding an' ill wintering tame baith man an'  
 beast

# SCOTS PROVERBS.

87

Weil kens the mouse when the cat's out o' the house

Weil worth a' gude takens

Weil's him and wae's him that has a bishop in his kin

Welcome's the best dish i' the kitchen

20 Weil, quoth Willy, when his wife dang him

Weil worth a' that gar's the plough draw

Weil is that weil does

Were it no for hope heart wad break

We'll ne'er ken the worth o' the water till the well gae dry

25 We can drink o' the burn when we canna bite o' the brae

We'll meet ere hills meet

We're ay to lear as lang's we live

We're as mony Johnstons as ye're Jardens

We can live without our kin, but no without our neighbours

30 We can poind for debt, but no for unkindness

We hounds slew the hare, quoth the bleer'd messan

We can shape their wylie coat, but no their wierd

We'll ne'er bigg sandy bowrocks together

We'll bark ourfells ere we buy dogs fae dear

35 We canna baith sup an' blaw

We'll bear wi' the stink, when it brings in the clink

We maun live by the living, an' no by the dead

We're bound to be honest, but no to be rich

We may ken your eild by the runcles o' your horn

40 We may ken your meaning by your mumping

Wha wats wha may keep sheep anither day

Wha invited you to the roast

Wha can had what will awa'

Wha can court but cost

45 Wha can help sickness, quoth the drunken wife when she lay in the gutter

Wha comes aftener and brings you less

- Wha wad misca' a Gordon on the raws o' Strath-  
 bogie  
 Wha daur bell the cat  
 Wha made you a gentleman that didna cut the lugs  
 out o' your head to ken you be  
 50 Wha can help misluck  
 Wha canna gi'e will little get  
 Wha uses perils perish shall.

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### CHAP. XXXIX.

- What we first lear we best can  
 What the e'e sees na the heart rues na  
 What ye win at that ye may lick aff a het girdle  
 What carlins hain, cats eat  
 5 What's nane o' my profit shall be nane o' my peril  
 What if the list fa', then ye may gather lav' rocks  
 What's gotten o'er the de'il's back will gang awa'  
 under his belly  
 What ye do when you're drunk ye may pay for  
 when you're dry  
 What better's the house when the daw rises soon  
 10 What ye want up an' down, ye ha'e hither an' yont  
 What raks the feud whar the friendship dow not  
 What winna do by might, do by flight  
 What's my case the day may be yours the morn  
 What's waur than ill luck  
 15 What may be done at ony time will be done at nae  
 time  
 What put that i' your head that didna put the  
 sturdy wi't  
 What need a rich man be a thief  
 What said Pluck? the greater knave the greater  
 luck

What may be mayna be  
 20 What canna be cur'd maun be endur'd

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### CHAP. XL.

- When ae door fleeks anither opens  
 When a' men speak nae man hears  
 When drink's in wit's out  
 When friends meet hearts warm  
 5 When Adam delv'd an' Eve span, whare was a' our  
 gentry than  
 When the lady lets a pap, the messan gets a knap  
 When my head's down, my house is theeked  
 When the cow's in the clout she soon rins out  
 When the tod preaches, tak' tent o' the lambs  
 10 When the wame's fou, the banes wad be at rest  
 When thieves reckon, leal fowk come to their gear  
 When the bags are fou, the dron gets up  
 When the tod wins to the wood, he cares na how  
 mony keek in his tail  
 When petticoats woo, breeks come speed  
 15 When the cap's fou carry't even  
 When poverty comes in at the door, friendship flees  
 out at the winnock  
 When ye christen the bairn, ye ken what to ca't  
 When lairds break, carles get land  
 When a fool finds a horse-shoe, he thinks ay the like  
 to do  
 20 When a' fruit fa's, then welcome haws  
 When hens gae to the cock, the birds may get a  
 knock  
 When I'm dead, mak' me a cawdel  
 When the gudeman's awa', the board-claith's tint  
 When the gudewife's awa', the keys are tint

- 25 When ilka ane gets their ain, the thief will get the widdy  
 When the heart's fou o' lust, the mouth's fou o' leasing  
 When your neighbour's house is in danger, tak' care o' your ain  
 When a' freets fail, fire's good for the fearcy  
 When a ew's drown'd she's dead
- 30 When you're serv'd, a' the geese are water'd  
 When wine sinks, words swim  
 When the barn's fou, you may thresh before the door  
 When ye're gawn an' comin', the gate's no toom  
 When the heart's fou, the tongue will speak
- 35 When a's in, an' the flap dit, rise herd, an' let the dog sit  
 When he dies for age, ye may quake for fear  
 When ye're weil, had yourseil tae  
 When the well's fou, it will rin o'er  
 When the pat's o'er fou, it will boil o'er an' bleeze i' the ingle
- 40 When the gudeman drinks to the gudewife, a' wad be weil  
 When the gudewife drinks to the gudeman, a's weil  
 When the steed's stown, steek the stable-door

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### CHAP. XLI.

- Where the buck's bound, there he mairn bleet  
 Where the pig's broken, let the sherds ly  
 Where the deer's slain, some o' the blood will ly  
 Where the dyke's laigest, it is eithest to lowp
- 5 Where there are Gentiles, there are ay aff fowings  
 Where there's o'er meikle courtesy, there's little kindness



# SCOTS PROVERBS.

91

- Where gat ye that, gif a body may speer? I gat it  
 where it was, an' where leal fowk get gear  
 Where will ye get a park to keep your eild ky in  
 Where there's naithing, the king tines his right  
 10 Where drums beat, laws are dumb  
 Where the heart gangs, let the tail follow  
 While the grafs grows, the steed starves  
 Whiles you, whiles I, sae gangs the bailliary  
 White legs wad ay be rous'd  
 15 Whitely things are ay tender  
 Whoredom an' grace ne'er dwelt in ae place  
 Whom God will help nane can hinder

## CHAP. XLII.

- Wie things fley cowards  
 Widdy ha'd thy ain  
 Wilfu' waste mak's waefu' want  
 Will a fool's feather in my cap gar my pot play  
 5 Wiles help weak fowk  
 Will an' wit strive wi' ye  
 Win't an' wear't  
 Winter thunder bodes simmer hunger  
 Wink at wee fauts, your ain are meikle  
 10 Wipe wi' the water, an' wash wi' the towel  
 Wise men may be whilly'd wi' wiles  
 Wish in ae hand an' drite i' the ither, an' see whilk  
 will be first fou  
 Withers an' wadders were ne'er good house-had-  
 ders  
 Wite yoursell, gif your wife be wi' bairn  
 15 Wite your teeth, gif your tail be sma'  
 Wit bought mak's fowk wise  
 Wit bought's worth twa for nought

- 11 Wives an' wind are necessary ills  
 Untimeous spurring spills the steed  
 20 Unseen unru'd  
 Under water dearth, under snaw bread  
 Women an' bairns lein what they kenna  
 Women's wark's ne'er done  
 Women an' wine, dice an' deceit, mak' wealth sma'  
 an' want great  
 25 Wood in a wilderness, moss on a mountain, an' wit  
 in a poor man, are little thought on  
 Words are but wind, but dunts are out o' season  
 Woo sellers ken ay woo buyers  
 Work for nought mak's fowk dead swere  
 Work legs, an' win legs, hain legs, an' tine legs  
 30 Up hill spare me, down hill tak' tent to thee  
 Up starts a carle an' gather'd good, and thence cam'  
 a' our gentle blood  
 Use mak's perfyteness  
 Wrang has nae warrant  
 Wrang count is nae payment

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### CHAP. XLIII.

- Ye breed o' the tod, ye grow gray before ye grow  
 gude  
 Ye breed o' the miller's dog, ye lick your lips ere  
 the pock be opened  
 Ye breed o' Macfarlane's geese, ye ha'e mair mind  
 o' your play than your meat  
 Ye breed o' the cow's tail, ye grow backward  
 5 Ye breed o' nettle-kail an' cock-laird, ye need meikle  
 service  
 Ye breed o' foul weather, ye come unsent for  
 Ye breed o' the gowks, ye ha'e ne'er a rime but ane

- Ye breed o' Saughton Swin, your neb's ne'er out o'  
an ill turn
- Ye breed o' auld maidens, ye look fae high
- 10 Ye breed o' the chapman, ye're ay to handsell  
Ye breed o' our laird, ye'll do nae right nor tak'  
nae wrang
- Ye breed o' few o' the laird's tenants, o'er het
- Ye breed o' gude mawt, ye're lang a coming
- Ye breed o' the beggars, ye're ne'er out o' your  
gate
- 15 Ye breed o' the butcher, that seeks his knife when  
it's in's teeth
- Ye breed o' the leek, ye ha'e a white head, an' a  
green tail
- Ye breed o' Lady Mary, when ye're gude ye're  
o'er gude
- Ye breed o' the miller's daughter, that speer'd what  
tree grots grew on
- Ye breed o' the gudeman's mither, ye're ay i' the  
gate
- 20 Ye breed o' the witches, ye can do nae gude to  
yourself
- Ye breed o' the herd's wife, ye busk again e'en
- Ye breed o' the baxters, ye loo your neighbour's  
browst better than your ain batch
- Ye crack croussly wi' your bannet on
- Ye cut before the point
- 25 Ye can fend as weil on your purchase as some do  
on their set rent
- Ye come a day after the fair
- Ye cut lang whangs out o' ither fowk's leather
- Ye can drink at the burn when ye canna bite o' the  
brae
- Ye come aftener wi' the rake nor the shool
- 30 Ye canna mak' a silk purie o' a sow's lug
- Ye canna see wood for trees
- Ye can ne'er fare weil but you cry roast meat
- Ye came i' clipping time.

- Ye canglè about uncoft kids
- 35 Ye canna preach out o' your ain poupit  
 Ye come to the gait's house to thigg woo  
 Ye canna get leave to thrive for thrang  
 Ye ca' hardest at the nail that drives fastest  
 Ye canna do but ye o'er do
- 40 Ye drive the plough before the owfen  
 Ye dinna ken where a blessing may light  
 Ye didna lick your lips since ye lied last  
 Ye drew na fae weil when my mare was i' the  
 mire  
 Ye fand it where the highlandman fand the tangs
- 45 Ye feik it awa' like an auld wife baking  
 Ye gat your will i' your first wife's time, and ye'se  
 no want it now  
 Ye glowr'd at the moon an' fell on the midding  
 Ye gang about by Lanerk, for fear Linton dogs  
 bite you.
- Ye glowr like a wild-cat out o' a whin bush
- 50 Ye get o'er meikle o' your will, an' that's no good  
 for you  
 Ye gae far about seeking the nearest  
 Ye green to pish on unco lees  
 Ye had a hasty goodame, and yet she lay undermost  
 Ye ha'e done a darg an' dirten a worm
- 55 Ye ha'e run iang on little ground  
 Ye ha'e good skill o' roasted woo to turn it when  
 it stinks  
 Ye ha'e ay mind o' your meat though ye ha'e ill  
 luck till't  
 Ye ha'e gotten the bitch i' the wheel-band  
 Ye ha'e a ready mou' for a ripe cherry
- 60 Ye ha'e a sleeky tongue for licking a fair arse  
 Ye ha'e bedirten your nest  
 Ye ha'e a saw for ilka fair  
 Ye ha'e brought the pack to the pins  
 Ye ha'e gi'en the wowf the wedder to keep

- 65 Ye ha'e tied a knot wi' your tongue that ye canna  
loose wi' your teeth  
Ye ha'e sitten your time as mony a good hen has  
done.  
Ye ha'e been bred about a mill, ye ha'e mouped a'  
your manners  
Ye ha'e bedirten yoursell, and wad ha'e me to  
dight you  
Ye ha'e o'er foul feet to come fae far ben
- 70 Ye ha'e a stawk o' carle hemp i' you  
Ye ha'e na gotten the first seat on the midding  
Ye ha'e gotten a revel'd hesp o't  
Ye ha'e a crap for a' corn  
Ye ha'e tane the measure o' his fit
- 75 Ye ha'e o'er meikle loose leather about your chafts  
Ye ha'e tint your ain stomach, an' found a tike's  
Ye ha'e put a toom spoon in my mouth  
Ye ha'e fasted lang an' worried on a midge  
Ye ha'e naithing to do but suck an' wag your tail
- 80 Ye ha'e tint the tongue o'the trump  
Ye ha'e staid lang, and brought little wi' you  
Ye ha'e gi'en baith the sound thump an' the loud  
skirl  
Ye ha'e ay a foot out o' the langle  
Ye ha'e tane't upo' you as the wife did the dancing
- 85 Ye ha'e good manners, but ye bear them not ay  
about wi' you  
Ye ha'e the wrang sow by the lug  
Ye ha'e gotten the fikes i' your arse or a waft clew

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#### C H A P XLIV.

Ye ken naithing but milk and bread when it is  
mool'd in-to you  
Ye ken what drinkers dree



- Ye kenna wha may cool your kail yet  
 Ye'll fart lang at Kinghorn ere ye fan corn at Aber-  
 deen
- 5 Ye live at the lug o' the law  
 Yelping curs will raise mastives  
 Ye live on love as lav'rocks do on leeks  
 Ye'll neither dance nor had the candle  
 Ye'll worry in the band like M'Ewan's caff
- 10 Ye'll get nae mair o' the cat but the skin  
 Ye look like let me be  
 Ye look like a bombaz'd wa'ker seeking wash  
 Ye look as sharp as a Lochaber ax new come frae  
 the grindstane  
 Ye'll no sell your hen in a rainy day
- 15 Ye'll get as meikle for ae wish this year as for twa  
 fernyear  
 Ye'll gar me seek the needle where I didna stick it  
 Ye'll ne'er cast sawt on his tail.  
 Ye look like a Lammer-muir lion  
 Ye'll let naithing be tint for want o' seeking
- 20 Ye'll no herry yoursell wi' your ain hands  
 Ye'll gar me claw a fairy man's haffet  
 Ye look like the de'il in day light  
 Ye look liker a de'il than a bishop  
 Ye'll ne'er mak' a mark i' your testament by that  
 bargain
- 25 Ye'll let little gae by you unless it be the swallow  
 Ye may time the father seeking the son  
 Ye may drive the de'il into a wife, but ye'll ne'er  
 ding him out o' her  
 Ye may be greedy but ye're no greening  
 Ye may gang farther and fare warse
- 30 Ye may get waur bodes or Belton  
 Ye may be heard where ye're no seen  
 Ye may gang thro' a' Egypt without a pass  
 Ye may ha'e a good memory, but your judgement  
 winna gi'e meikle  
 Ye may dight your neb and flee up

- 35 Ye maun tak' the will for the deed  
 Ye māuna think to win through the warld on a  
 feather bed  
 Ye manna be mealy mou'd  
 Ye mete my pease by your ain peck  
 Ye put at the cart that's ay ganging  
 40 Ye may tak' the head for the washing  
 Ye'll never die on your ain affize  
 Ye'll drink before me  
 Ye'll find him where ye left him  
 Ye look like a runner, quoth the de'il to the lobster  
 45 Ye'll be made up at the sign o' the wind  
 Ye'll get the cat wi' the twa tails  
 Ye'll play at sma' game before you stand out  
 Ye'll beguile nane but them that lippens to you  
 Ye'll mend when ye grow better  
 50 Ye'll ne'er be sae auld wi' sae meikle honesty  
 Ye ne'er saw green cheese but your e'en reel'd  
 Ye needna lay thereout for want o' a nest-egg  
 Ye needna file the house for want o' legs to bear  
 you to the midding  
 Ye ne'er want a good whittle at your belt  
 55 Ye ne'er coft the cat sawt yet  
 Ye needna bite a mark in his arse  
 Ye ne'er heard a fisher cry stinking fish  
 Ye needna wyte your teeth if your tail be sma'  
 Ye needna think shame to tak' it, your teeth's  
 langer nor your beard  
 60 Ye promise better than ye pay, your hechts ye  
 ne'er brook'd

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### CHAP. XLV.

Ye're as daft as ye're days auld  
 Ye're o'er auldfarran to be fley'd for bogles

- Ye're a good seeker but an ill finder  
 Ye ride fae near the rumple ye'll let nane lowp on  
 behind you
- 5 Ye ride a bootless errand  
 Ye're like the wife wi' the mony daughters, the  
 best comes last  
 Ye're like the miller's dog, ye lick your lips ere the  
 pock be opened  
 Ye're nae chicken for a' your cheeping  
 Ye're like Macky's mare, ye brake fairly aff
- 10 Ye're the greatest liar o' your kin, except your  
 chief that wan his meat by't  
 Ye're a' made o' butter and sew'd wi' sour milk  
 Ye're come o' blood, and fae's a pudding  
 Ye're come to a peel'd egg  
 Ye're ane o' snaw-ba's bairn-time
- 15 Ye're fae keen o' the clocking you'll die in the nest  
 Ye're a widdy-fou against hanging time  
 Ye're button'd up the back like Achmacoy's dogs  
 Ye're ane o' Cowmeek's breed, ye'll stand without  
 a bannock  
 Ye're as lang o' tuning your pipes as ane wad play  
 a spring
- 20 Ye're good enough but ye're no bra' new  
 Ye're nae fae poor as ye peep  
 Ye're weil awa' if ye bide, and we're weil quat  
 Ye're o' fae mony minds ye'll ne'er be married  
 Ye're come to fetch fire
- 25 Ye're fae will in your wooing, ye watna where to  
 wed  
 Ye're as foresighted as Forsyth's cat  
 Ye're ne'er pleas'd fou nor fasting  
 Ye're as soupie fark alane as some are mother-naked  
 Ye're mista'en o' the stuff, it's haff silk
- 30 Ye're like the tender Gordon's, ye downa be hang'd  
 for gawing o' your neck  
 Ye're black about the mou' for want o' making o'  
 Ye're welcome, but ye winna win ben

- Ye're unco good, and ye'll grow fair  
 Ye're fair fash'd hadding naithing together  
 35 Ye're like the dogs o' Dunraget, ye downa bark  
 unless ye ha'e your arse at a wa'  
 Ye're a good hald to the house, ye can drite in  
 your loof and mool't to the birds  
 Ye're no fed wi' deaf nuts  
 Ye're sick but nae sair handled  
 Ye're busy seeking the thing that's no tint  
 40 Ye're good for carrying a propine, ye can mak'  
 meikle o' little  
 Ye're like the hens' ye rin ay to the heap  
 Ye're fear'd for the day ye ne'er saw  
 Ye're bonny enough to them that loo you, and o'er  
 bonny to them that loo you and canna get you.  
 Ye're o'er bird-mouth'd  
 45 Ye're best when ye're sleeping  
 Ye're thrifty and thro' thriving, when your head  
 gangs down your arse is rising  
 Ye're new risen and your young heart's nipping  
 Ye're a sweet nut if you were weil crack'd  
 Ye're behadden to your goodame, that left you the  
 tune o' her tail  
 50 Ye're no light where ye lean a'  
 Ye're mair fley'd than hurt  
 Ye're Davy do a' thing and good at naithing  
 Ye're come aff the house o' Harletillam  
 Ye're here yet and your belt's hale  
 55 Ye seek grace o' a graceless face  
 Ye spill unspoken to  
 Ye sell the bear's skin on his back  
 Ye shine like the sunny side o' a sharney weght  
 Ye serv'd me as the wife did the cat, coost me in  
 the kirn, and syne harl'd me out  
 60 Ye'se no want while I ha'e, but look weil to your ain  
 Ye soon weary of weil doing  
 Ye'se get your brose out o' the lee side o' the pot  
 Ye shanna be niffer'd but for a better

- Ye sleep like a dog in a mill  
 65 Ye shape shoon by your ain shachled feet  
 Ye tak' a bite out o' your ain buttock  
 Ye tak' mair in your gab than your cheeks can haud  
 Ye tak' the first word o' flyting  
 Ye tine the ladle for the licking  
 70 Ye took anes a dog in your warrandice and he was  
 hanged  
 Your tongue's nae slander  
 Your tongue rins ay before your wit  
 Ye wad mak' meikle o' me if I were yours  
 Ye watna what wife's ladle may cogue your kail  
 75 Ye wad be a good piper's bitch for smelling out  
 bridals  
 Ye wad be a good midwife, ye haud the grip ye get  
 Ye wad be good to fetch the de'il a drink  
 Ye wad ferly mair if the craws bigged in your  
 cleaving and flew awa' wi' the nest  
 Ye watna where a blessing may light  
 80 Ye was set aff frae the oon for nipping the pyes  
 Ye was ne'er born at that time o' year  
 Ye was fae gare ye wadna bide the blessing

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## CHAP. XLVI.

- Young fowk may die, and auld fowk maun die  
 Young ducks may be auld geese  
 Young men's dunts auld men find  
 Young men's wives and maiden's bairns are ay weil  
 manner'd  
 5 Yule's young on Yule e'en  
 You and he pish in ae mug together  
 Youth and eild ne'er fowder weil  
 Your meal's a' deagh  
 Your tongue runs before your wit



# SCOTS PROVERBS.

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- 10 Your bread's baken, ye may hing by your girdle  
Your head's nae sooner up than your stamock's  
yapin  
Your wind shak's nae corn  
Your head will ne'er fill your father's bannet  
Your trumpeter's dead
- 15 Your thrift's as good as the profit of a yeld hen  
Your winning's no my tinsell  
Your wame thinks your wyson's cutted  
Your wit winna worry ye  
Your tongue gaes like the clatter-bane o' a goose's  
arse  
Your mind's chacing mice  
Your purse was steeked when that was paid for  
Your gear will ne'er o'ergang you  
Your minnie's milk's no out o' your nose yet  
Your een's no marrows
- 25 Your bags will ne'er let your back be rough

1. A man's wisdom is his strength, but a man's folly is his weakness.  
2. A man's wisdom is his strength, but a man's folly is his weakness.  
3. A man's wisdom is his strength, but a man's folly is his weakness.  
4. A man's wisdom is his strength, but a man's folly is his weakness.  
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8. A man's wisdom is his strength, but a man's folly is his weakness.  
9. A man's wisdom is his strength, but a man's folly is his weakness.  
10. A man's wisdom is his strength, but a man's folly is his weakness.

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## TALE OF THREE BONNETS.

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IN FOUR CANTOS.

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### THE PERSONS.

DUNIWHISTLE, father to  
Joukum, Bristle, & Bawfy  
JOUKUM, in love with Rosie  
BRISTLE, a man of resolu-  
tion  
BAWSY, a weaker brother

BARD, a narrator  
BEEF, porter to Rosie  
GHAIST, the ghost of Duni-  
whistle  
ROSIE, an heiress.

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### CANTO I.

BARD.

WHEN men o' mettle thought it nonsense  
To heed that cleping thing, ca'd Conscience,  
And, by free-thinking, had the knack  
O' jeering ilka word it spak';  
And, as a learned author speaks,  
Employ'd it like a pair o' breeks,  
To hide their lewd an' nasty sluices  
Whilk eith slipt down for baith these uses :

Then Duniwhistle, worn wi' years,  
 An' gawn the gate o' his forbears,  
 Commanded his three sons to come,  
 And wait upon him in his room :  
 Bade Bristle seek the door ; an' syne  
 He thus began——

DUNIWHISTLE. ——Dear bairns o' mine,  
 I quickly maun submit to fate,  
 And leave you three a good estate,  
 Which has been honourably won,  
 An' handed down frae fire to son,  
 But clag or claim, for ages past :  
 Now, that I mayna prove the last,  
 Here's three permission Bannets for ye,  
 Which your great gutchers wore before ye ;  
 An' if ye'd ha'e nae man betray ye,  
 Let naething ever wile them frae ye ;  
 But keep the Bannets on your heads,  
 An' hands frae signing foolish deeds,  
 An' ye shall never want sic things  
 Shall gar you be made o' by kings :  
 But, if ye ever wi' them part,  
 Fu' fair ye'll for your folly smart :  
 Bare-headed then ye'll look like snools,  
 And dwindle down to silly tools.  
 Haud up your hands, now, swear an' say,  
 As ye shall answer on a day——  
 Ye'll faithfully observe my will,  
 An' a' its premises fulfil.

BRISTLE. My worthy father, I shall strive  
 To keep your name an' fame alive,  
 An' never shaw a faul that's dastard,  
 To gar fowk tak' me for a bastard :  
 If e'er by me ye're disobey'd,  
 May witches nightly on me ride.

JOUKUM. Whae'er shall dare, by force or guile,  
 This bannet aff my head to wile,

For sic a bauld attempt shall rue,  
 An' ken I was begot by you.  
 Else, may I like a gipsy wander,  
 Or for my daily bread turn pander.

BAWSY. May I be jyb'd by great an' sma',  
 An' kytch'd like ony tennis ba',  
 Be the disgrace o' a' my kin,  
 If e'er I wi' my bannet twin.

BARD. Now soon as each had gi'en his aith,  
 The auld man yielded up his breath,  
 Was row'd in linen white as snaw,  
 An' to his fathers borne awa'.  
 But scarcely he in moss was rotten,  
 Before his test'ment was forgotten,  
 As ye shall hear frae future sonnet,  
 How Joukum finder'd wi' his bonnet,  
 And bought, frae's senseless billy Bawsy,  
 His, to propine a giglet lassie ;  
 While worthy Bristle, not sae donner'd,  
 Preserves his bannet, an' is honour'd.  
 Thus Caractacus did behave,  
 Tho' by the fate o' war a slave ;.  
 His body only, for his mind  
 No Roman pow'r cou'd break or bind :  
 Wi' bannet on he bauldly spak' ;  
 His greatness gart his fetters crack.  
 The victor did his friendship claim,  
 An' sent him wi' new glories bame.

But leave we Birse an' simile,  
 An' to our tale wi' ardour flee.

Beyond the hills, where lang the billies  
 Had bred up queys, an' kids, an' fillies,  
 An' foughten mony a bloody battle,  
 Wi' thieves that came to lift their cattle ;  
 There liv'd a lass kept rary shows,  
 An' fidlers ay about her house ;  
 Wha at her table fed and ranted,  
 Wi' the stout ale she never wanted.



She was a winsome wench an' waly,  
 An' cou'd put on her claes fu' brawly,  
 Rumble to ilka market-town,  
 An' drink' and fight like a dragoon;  
 Just sic like her wha far aff wander'd  
 To get hersell weil Alexander'd.  
 Rosie had word o' meikle filler,  
 Whilk brought a hantle o' wooers till her.  
 Amang the rest, young master Jouk  
 She conquer'd ae day wi' a look:  
 Frae that time forth he ne'er could stay,  
 At hame to mind his corn or hay,  
 But grew a beau, an' did adorn  
 Himsell wi' fifty bows o' corn;  
 Forby what he took on, to rig  
 Him out wi' linen, shoon, an' wig,  
 Snuff-boxes, sword knots, canes, an' washes,  
 An' sweeties to bestow on lasses;  
 Cou'd newest aiths genteelly swear,  
 An' had a course o' flaws perquire:  
 He drank, an' danc'd, an' figh'd, to move  
 Fair Rosie to accept his love.

After dumb signs he thus began,  
 An' spak' his mind to'er like a man.  
 JOUKUM. O tak' me, Rosie, to your arms,  
 An' let me revel o'er your charms;  
 If ye say na, I needna care  
 For raips or tethers made o' hair,  
 Pen knives or pools I winna need:  
 That minute ye say na, I'm dead.  
 O let me lie within your breast:  
 And at your dainty tazle feast:  
 Weil do I like your goud to finger,  
 And fit to her your st—— Singer.  
 While on this sun side o' the bae,  
 Belongs to you, my limbs I'll lay.

ROSIE. I own, sweet Sir, ye woo me frankly,  
 But a' your courtship sars sae rankly,

### THREE BONNETS.

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O' selfish interest, that I'm flead,  
My person least employs your head.

JOUKUM. What a distinction's this your making  
When your poor lover's heart is breaking?

Wi' little logic I can shew,  
That every thing you ha'e is you :  
Besides the beauties o' your person,  
These beds o' flowers you set your a-se on,  
Your claiths, your lands, and lying pelf,  
Are every ane your very self,  
And add fresh lusture to these graces,  
Wi' which adorn'd your saul and face is.

ROSIE. Ye seem to ha'e a loving flame  
For me, and hate your native hame ;  
That gars me ergh to trust you meikle,  
For fear you shou'd prove false and fickle.

JOUKUM. In troth my rugged billy Bristle,  
About his gentrie mak's sic fistle,  
That if a body contradict him,  
He's ready wi' a durk to stick him ;  
That wearies me o' hame I vow,  
And fain would live and die wi' you.

BARD. Observing Jouk a wee tate tipsy,  
Smirking reply'd the pauky gipsy—

ROSIE. I wad be very wae to see  
My lover tak' the pet and die ;  
Wherefore I am inclin'd to ease ye,  
And do what in me lies to please ye :  
But first ere we conclude the paction,  
You must perform some gallant action,  
To prove the truth o' what you've said,  
Else, for you, I shall die a maid.

JOUKUM. My dearest jewel gie't a name,  
That I may win baith you and fame :  
Shall I gae fight wi' forest bulls,  
Or cleave down troops wi' thicker skulls.  
Or shall I douk the deepest sea,  
And coral pou for beads to thee ?

Penty the Pope upon the nose,  
Or p--- upon a hundred beaus?

ROSIE. In troth, dear lad, I wad be laith,  
To risk your life, or do you skaith,  
Only employ your canny skill,  
To gain and rive your father's will,  
Wi' the consent o' Briss and Bawfy,  
And I shall in my bosom hawse ye,  
Soon as the fatal Bannets three  
Are ta'en frae them and gi'en to me.

JOUKUM. Which to preserve I gied my aith!  
But now the cause is life and death,  
I must, or wi' the Bannet part,  
Or twin wi' you an' break my heart:  
Sae, tho' the aith we took was awfu',  
To keep it now appears unlawfu':  
Then, love, I'll answer thy demands,  
And flee to fetch them to your hands.

BARD. The famous jilt o' Palestine  
Thus drew the hoods o'er Samson's een,  
And gart him tell where lay his strength,  
O' which she twin'd him at the length;  
Then gied him up in chains to rave,  
And labour like a galley slave:  
But Rosie, mind, when growing hair,  
His loss of pith 'gan to repair,  
He made of thousands an example,  
By crushing them beneath their temple.

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## CANTO II.

BARD. The supper sowin-cogs and bannocks  
Stood cooling on the sole o' winnocks,  
And, cracking at the westlin gavels,  
The wives sat beeking o' their navels,

When Jouk his brither Bristle found,  
 Fetching his e'ening wauk around  
 A score o' ploughmen o' his ain,  
 Wha blythly whistled on the plain.  
 Jouk three times congee'd, Bristle anes,  
 Then shook his hand, and thus begins :

BRISTLE. Wow! brither Jouk, where ha'e ye been?  
 I scarce can trow my looking een,  
 Ye're grown sae braw; now weird's defend me  
 Gin that I had nae maist miskend ye,  
 And where gat ye that braw blue stringing,  
 That's at your houghs and shouthers hinging?  
 Ye look as sprush as ane that's wooing,  
 I ferly, lad, what ye've been doing.

JOUKUM. My very much respected brither,  
 Should we hide ought frae ane anither,  
 And not, when warm'd wi' the same blood,  
 Consult ilk ane anither's good;  
 And be it kend ty'e, my design  
 Will profit prove to me and mine.

BRISTLE. And brither, troth it much commends  
 Your virtue, thus to love your friends,  
 It makes me blyth, for aft I said,  
 Ye were a clever mettl'd lad.

JOUKUM. And sae, I hope, will ever prove,  
 Gif ye befriend me in my love:  
 For Rosie, bonny, rich, and gay,  
 And sweet as flow'rs in June or May,  
 Her gear I'll get, her sweets I'll risle,  
 Gif ye'll but yield me up a trifle,  
 Promise to do't, and ye'se be free,  
 Wi' ony thing pertains to me.

BRISTLE. I lang to answer your demand,  
 And never shall for trifles stand.

JOUKUM. Then she desires as a propine,  
 These Bannets, Bawfy's, your's and mine;  
 And weil I wat that's nae great matter,  
 Oif I sae easily can get her.

BRISTLE. Ha, ha! ye Judas, are ye there?  
 The D--- then nor she neer get mair.  
 Is that the trifle that ye spoke o'?  
 Wha think ye, fir, ye mak' a mock o'?  
 Ye silly manforn scant o' grace,  
 Swith let me never see your face.  
 Seek my auld Bannet aff my head!  
 Faith that's a bonny ane indeed!  
 Require a thing I'll part wi' never!  
 She's get as soon a lap o' my liver,  
 Vile whore and jade, the woody hang her.

BARD. Thus said, he said nae mair for anger,  
 But curs'd and ban'd, and was nae far  
 Frae trading Jouk amang the glar.  
 While Jouk, wi' language glibe as oolie,  
 Right pawkily kept aff a toolie.  
 Weil masked wi' a wedder's skin,  
 Although he was a tod within.  
 He hum'd an' ha'd, and wi' a cant,  
 Held forth, as he had been a faint,  
 And quoted texts to prove we'd better  
 Part wi' a sma' thing for a greater.

JOUKUM. Ah! brither, may the furies rack me  
 Gif I mean'd ill, but ye mistak' me;  
 But gin your Bannet's sic a jewel,  
 Pray gie't or keep't, fir, as you will,  
 Since your auld-fashion'd fancy rather,  
 Inclines till't than a hat an' feather;  
 But I'll go try my brither Bawfy,  
 Poor man, he's nae sae daft an' saucy,  
 Wi' empty pride to crook his mou',  
 An' hinder his ain gude like you;  
 Gif he an' I agree, ne'er doubt ye,  
 We'll mak' the bargain up without ye;  
 Syne your braw Bannet and your noddle  
 Will hardly baith be worth a bodle.

BARD. At this bauld Bristle's colour chang'd,  
 He swore on Rose to be reveng'd,



For he began now to be fled,  
 She'd wile the honours frae his head,  
 Syne wi' a stern an' canker'd look,  
 He thus reprov'd his brither Jouk.

BRISTLE. Thou vile disgrace o' our forbears,  
 Wha lang wi' valiant dint o' weirs,  
 Maintain'd their right 'gainst a' intrusions  
 O' our auld faes the Rosycrucians,  
 Dost thou design at last to catch  
 Us in a girn wi' this base match,  
 And for the hauding up thy pride,  
 Upo' thy brither's riggins ride:  
 I'll see you hang'd, an' her thegither,  
 As high as Haman in a tether,  
 Ere I wi' my ain Bannet quat,  
 For ony barrow'd beaver hat,  
 Whilk I, as Rosy tak's the fykes,  
 Maun wear or no just as she likes:  
 Then let me hear nae mair about her,  
 For gif ye dare again to mutter  
 Sic vile proposals in my hearing,  
 Ye needna trust to my forbearing;  
 For soon my beard will tak' a low,  
 And I shall crack your crazy pow.

BARD. This said, brave Bristle said nae mair,  
 But cock'd his Bannet wi' an air,  
 Wheel'd round wi' gloomy brows an' muddy,  
 And left his brither in a studdy.

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### CANTO III.

BARD. Now Sol wi' his lang whip gae cracks  
 Upon his neighing coosers backs,  
 To gar them tak' th' Olympian Brae,  
 Wi' a cart lade o' bleezing day;

The country hind ceases to snore,  
 Bangs frae his bed, unlocks the dore,  
 His bladder tooms, and gi'es a rift,  
 Then tentily surveys the lift;  
 And, weary o' his wife and flaes,  
 To their embrace prefers his claes.  
 Scarce had the lark forsook her nest,  
 Whan Jouk, wha had got little rest,  
 For thinking o' his plot and lassie,  
 Got up to gang and deal wi' Bawfie :  
 Awa' fast o'er the bent he gade,  
 And fand him dozing on his bed,  
 His blankets creishy, foul his sark,  
 His curtains trim'd wi' spider's wark ;  
 Soot draps hang frae his roof and kipples,  
 His floor was a' tobacco spittles :  
 Yet on the antlets o' a deer,  
 Hang mony an auld claymore and spear.  
 Wi' coat o' iron and target trusty,  
 Inch thick o' dirt and unco rusty :  
 Enough appear'd to shaw his billy,  
 That he was lazy, poor, and silly,  
 And wadna mak' so great a buffle,  
 About his Bannet as did Bristle.  
 Jouk three times rugged at his shoulder,  
 Cried three times laigh, an' three times louder :  
 At langrun, Bawfy rack'd his een,  
 And cries, What's that ? What d'ye mean ?  
 Then looking up he sees his brither.

BAWSY. Good morrow, Jouk, what brings you hither?  
 You're early up, as I'm a sinner  
 I seemly rise before my dinner :  
 Weil, what's ye're news, an' how gaes a' ?  
 Ye've been an unco' time awa'.

JOUKUM. Bawfy, I'm blyth to see you weil,  
 For me, thank God, I keep my heal :  
 Get up, get up, ye lazy mart,  
 I ha'e a secret to impart,

### THREE BONNETS.

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O' which, when I gi'e you an inkling,  
It will set baith your lugs a tinkling.

BARD. Straight Bawfy rises, quickly dresses,  
While haste his youky mind expresses:  
Now rigg'd, and morning drink brought in,  
Thus did flee-gabbet Jouk begin.

JOUKUM. My worthy brither, weil I wate  
O'er feckless is your wee estate,  
For sic a meikle Saul as yours,  
That to things greater higher tow'rs;  
But ye lie loitering here at hame,  
Neglectfu' baith o' wealth an' fame,  
Tho, as I said, ye ha'e a mind  
That is for higher things design'd.

BAWSY. That's very true, thanks to the skies,  
But how to get them, there it lies.

JOUKUM. I'll tell ye, Baws, I've laid a plot,  
That only wants your casting vote,  
An' if you'll gi'e't, your bread is baken;  
But first accept o' this love taiken:  
Here, tak' this gowd, an' never want  
Enough to gar you drink an' rant;  
An' this is but an arle penny  
To what I afterward design ye;  
An' in return, I'm sure that I  
Shall naething seek that ye'll deny.

BAWSY. An' trouth now, Jouk, an' neither will I,  
Or after never ca' me billy;  
If I refuse, wae light upo' me.  
This gow'd, O wow! 'tis wonder bonny.

JOUKUM. Ay that it is,---'tis e'en the a' -  
That gars the plough o' living draw:  
'Tis gowd gars fogers fight the fiercer,  
Without it preaching wad be scarcer;  
'Tis gowd that mak's some great men witty,  
An' puggy lasses fair an' pretty;  
Without it ladies nice wad dwindle  
Down to a wife that snooves a spindle.

But to the point, an' wave digression,  
 I mak' a free an' plain confession,  
 That I'm in love, an'; as I said,  
 Demand frae you a little aid  
 To gain a bride, that eithly can  
 Mak' me fu' blest, an' you a man:  
 Gi'e me your Bannet to present  
 My mistress wi',---an' your consent  
 To rive the daft auld fashion'd deed,  
 That bids ye wear it on your head.

**BAWSY.** O gosh! O gosh! Then, Jouk, ha'e at her,  
 If that be a', 'tis nae great matter.

**JOUKUM.** These granted, she demands nae mair  
 To let us in her riches skair;  
 Nor shall our birds, as heretofore,  
 Rin aff wi' ane anither's store,  
 Nor ding out ane anither's barns,  
 When they forgether 'mang the kairns;  
 But freely may drive up an' down,  
 An' sell in ilka market-town  
 Belangs to her,---which soon ye'll see,  
 If ye be wise, belang to me;  
 An' when that happy day shall come,  
 My honest Bawsy, there's my thumb,  
 That while I breathe I'll ne'er beguile ye,  
 Ye'll baith get gowd, and be a bailly.

**BAWSY.** Faith, Jouk, I see but little skaith  
 In breaking o' a senseless aith,  
 That is impos'd by doited dads  
 (To please their whims) on thoughtless lads.  
 My Bannet! welcome to my bannet,  
 An' meikle good may ye mak' on it.  
 Our father's will, I'll mak' nae din,  
 Tho' Rosie should apply't behin'.  
 But say, does billy Bristle ken  
 This your design to mak' us men?

**JOUKUM.** Ay that he does; but the stiff a's,  
 Bears a heart hatred at the la's,

### THREE BONNETS.

111

An' rattles out a hantla stories  
O' blood, an' dirt, an' ancient glories,  
Meaning foul feuds that us'd to be  
Between ours an' her family ;  
Bans like a blockhead that he'll ne'er  
Twin wi' his Bannet for a'er gear ;  
But you an' I conjoin'd can ding him,  
An', by a vote, to reason bring him :  
If we stand clofs, 'tis unco eith  
To rive the test'ment spite o's teeth,  
An' gar him ply, for a' his clavers,  
To lift his bannet to our beavers.

BAWSY. Then let the doof delight in drudging ;  
What cause ha'e we to tent his grudging,  
Tho' Rosie's flocks feed on his fells,  
If you an' I be weil ourfells ?

BARD. Thus Jouk and Bawfy were agreed,  
An' Birfs maun yield, it was decreed.

Thus far I've sung, in highland strains,  
O' Jouk's amours, an' pauky pains  
To gain his ends wi' ilka brither,  
Sae opposite to ane anither ;  
O' Bristle's hardy resolutions,  
An' hatred to the Rosicrucians ;  
O' Bawfy put in slav'ry neck-fast,  
Selling his bannet for a breakfast.  
What follows on't, o' gain or skaith,  
I'll tell when we ha'e ta'en our breath.

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### CANTO IV.

BARD. Now soon as e'er the will was torn,  
Jouk, wi' twa Bannets, on the morn,



Frae Fairyland fast bang'd away,  
The prize at Rosie's feet to lay;  
Wha, sleely, when he did appear,  
About his success'gan to speer.

JOUKUM. Here, bonny lass, your humble slave  
Presents you wi' the things ye crave,  
The riven Will an' Bannets twa,  
Which mak's the third worth nought ava.  
Our pow'r gi'en up, now I demand  
Your promis'd love, an' eke your hand.

BARD. Rose smil'd to see the lad outwitted,  
An' Bannets to the flames committed.  
Immediately an awfu' sound,  
As ane wad thought, raise frae the ground;  
An' syne appear'd a stalwart ghaist,  
Whase stern an' angry looks amaisht  
Unhool'd their sauls;—shaking, they saw  
Him frae the fire the Bannets draw:  
Then came to Jouk, an' wi' twa rugs,  
Increas'd the length o' baith his lugs;  
An' said—

GHAIST. Be a' thy days an afs,  
An hackney to this cunning lass;  
But for these Bannets I'll preserve them  
For bairns unborn that will deserve them.

BARD. Wi' that he vanish'd frae their een,  
An' left poor Jouk wi' breeks not clean,  
He shakes, while Rosie rants an' capours,  
An' ca's the vision nought but vapours;  
Rubs o'er his cheeks an' gab wi' ream,  
Till he believes't to be a dream:  
Syne to her closet leads the way,  
To soup him up wi' usquebae.

ROSIE. Now, bonny lad, ye may be free  
To handle ought pertains to me;  
An' ere the sun, though he be dry,  
Has driven down the westlin sky,

### THREE BONNETS.

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To drink his wamefu' o' the sea,  
There's be but ane o' you an' me.  
In marriage ye shall ha'e my hand:  
But I maun ha'e the sole command  
In Fairyland to saw an' plant,  
An' to send there for ought I want.

BARD. Ay, ay, cries Jouk, a' in a fire,  
An' stiffening into strong desire.

JOUKUM. Come haste thee let us sign an' seal;  
An' let my billies gang to the d—.

BARD. Here it wad mak' o'er lang a tale,  
To tell how meikle cakes an' ale,  
An' beef, an' broe, an' gryce, an' geese,  
An' pyes a' rinning o'er wi' creesh,  
Was serv'd upon the wedding table,  
To mak' the lads and lasses able  
To do, ye ken what we think shame  
(Tho' ilk ane does't) to gie't a name.

But true it is, they soon were buckled,  
And soon she made poor Jouk a cuckold,  
And play'd her bawdy sports before him,  
Wi' chiels that car'd na tippence for him;  
Beside a Rosycrucian trick  
She had o' dealing wi' auld Nick;  
And whene'er Jouk began to grumble,  
Auld Nick in the nieft room wad rumble.  
She drank, and fought, and spent her gear  
Wi' dice, and selling o' the mear.  
Thus living like a Belzi's get,  
She ran herself sae deep in debt  
By borrowing money at a' hands,  
That yearly income o' her lands  
Scarce paid the interest o' her bands. }  
Jouk, ay ca'd wife behind the hand,  
The daffin o' his doings fand:  
O'er late he now began to see  
The ruin o' his family:

But past relief, lar'd in a midding,  
 He's now oblig'd to do her bidding.  
 Awa', wi' strick command he's sent,  
 To Fairyland to lift the rent,  
 And wi' him mony a caterpillar  
 To rug frae Birfs and Bawly filler;  
 For her braid table maun be serv'd,  
 Tho' Fairy-fowk shou'd a' be starv'd.  
 Jouk thus surrounded wi' his guards,  
 Now plunders hay-stacks, barns and yards;  
 They drive the nowt frae Bristle's fald  
 While he can nought but ban and scald.

BRISTLE. Vile slave to a hissy ill-begotten,  
 By mony dads, wi' claps haf rotten.  
 Were't no for honour o' my mither,  
 I shou'd na think ye were my brither.

JOUKUM. Dear brither, why this rude reflection?  
 Learn to be gratefu' for protection;  
 The Peterenians, bloody beasts,  
 That gar fowk lick the dowps o' priests,  
 Else on a brander, like a haddock,  
 Be broolied, sprowling like a padock:  
 These monsters, lang ere now, had come  
 Wi' faggots, taz, and tuck o' drum,  
 An' twin'd you o' your wealth and lives,  
 Syne, without speering, kiss'd your wives,  
 Had not the Resycrucians stood  
 The bulwarks o' your rights and blood;  
 An' yet, forsooth, ye girn and grumble,  
 An', wi' a gab unthankfu', mumble  
 Out mony a black unworthy curse,  
 When Rosie bids ye draw your purse;  
 When she's sae gen'rously content  
 Wi' not aboon thirty *per cent*.

BRISTLE. Damn you and her! tho' now I'm blae,  
 I'm hopefu' yet to see the day,  
 I'll gar ye baith repent that e'er  
 Ye reav'd, by force, awa' my gear,

Without, or thanks, or making price,  
Or ever speering my advice.

JOUKUM. Peace gowk, we naithing do at a'  
But by the letter o' the law :

Then nae mair wi' your din torment us,  
Gowling like ane *non compos mentis*,  
Else Rosie issue may a writ,  
To tie you up baith hand and fit,  
An' dungeon ye, but meat or drink,  
Till ye be starv'd, an' die in stink.

BARD. Thus Jouk and Bristle, when they met,  
Wi' sic braw language ither tret.

Just fury glows in Bristle's veins ;  
An' though his bannet he retains,  
Yet on his crest he mayna cock it,  
But in a coffer clos maun lock it.  
Bareheaded thus he e'en knocks under,  
An' lets them drive awa' the plunder.  
Sae have I seen beside a tow'r,  
The king of brutes oblig'd to cour ;  
An' on his royal paunches thole  
A dwarf to prog him wi' a pole ;  
While he wad shaw his fangs, an' rage  
Wi' bootless wrangling in his cage.

Now follows that we tak' a peep  
O' Bawfy looking like a sheep,  
By Bristle hated and despis'd,  
By Jouk an' Rosie little priz'd.

Soon as the horse had heard his brither,  
Joukum an' Rose were prick'd thegither ;  
Awa' he scours o'er hight an' how,  
Fu' sidgin' fain whate'er he dow,  
Counting what things he now did mister,  
That wad be gie'n him by his sister.  
Like shallow bards, wha think they flee,  
Because they live fax stories high,  
To some poor lifeless lucubration  
Prefixes fleeching dedication,

An' blythly dream they'll be restor'd  
 To alehouse credit by my Lord.  
 Thus Bawfy's mind in plenty row'd,  
 While he thought on his promis'd gow'd  
 An' baillyship, which he wi' fines  
 Wad mak' like the West India mines ;  
 Arrives, wi' future greatness dizey,  
 Ca's, where's Mefs Jouk?

BEEF. Mefs Jouk is bify.

BAWSY. My Lady Rose, is she at leisure?

BEEF. No, Sir, my Lady's at her pleasure.

BAWSY. I wait for her or him, go shew.

BEEF. An' pray you, master, wha are you?

BAWSY. Upo' my faul this porter's sawcy :

Sirra, go tell my name is Bawfy,

Their brither wha made up the marriage.

BEEF. An' fae I thought by your dast carriage.

Between your houghs gae clap your gelding,

Swith hame an' feast upon a spelding,

For there's nae room beneath this roof

To entertain a simple coof,

The like o' you that nane can trust,

Wha to your ain ha'e been unjust.

BARD. This said, he daddet too the yate,

An' left poor Bawfy in a fret,

Wha loudly gowl'd, and made a din,

That was o'erheard by a' within.

Quoth Rose to Jouk, Come, let's away,

An' see wha's yon mak's a' this fray.

Awa' they went, an' saw the creature,

Sair runbling ilka silly feature

O' his dull phiz, wi' girns an' glooms,

Stamping and biting at his thumbs.

They tented him a little while,

Then came full on him wi' a smile,

Which soon gar't him forget the torture

Was rais'd within him by the porter.

Sae will a sucking weanie yell,

But shake a rattle, or a bell,



It hauds its tongue—Let that alane,  
 It to its yamering fa's again :  
 Lilt up a sang, an' streight it's seen  
 To laugh wi' tears into it's een.  
 Thus cithly anger'd, eithly pleas'd,  
 Weak Bawfy lang they tantaliz'd,  
 Wi' promises right wide extended,  
 They ne'er perform'd, nor e'er intended :  
 But now an' then, when they did need him,  
 A supper an' a pint they gie'd him :  
 That done, they ha'e nae mair to say,  
 An' scarcely ken him the niest day.  
 Poor fallow, now this mony a year,  
 Wi' some faint hope, an' rowth o' fear,  
 He has been wrestling wi' his fate,  
 A drudge to Joukum and his mate.  
 While Bristle saves his manly look,  
 Regardless baith o' Rose an' Jouk,  
 Maintains right quietly 'yond the kairns  
 His honour, conscience, wife, an' bairns,  
 Jouk an' his rumblegarie wife  
 Drive on a drunken gaming life,  
 'Cause sober they can get nae rest  
 For Nick an' Duniwhistle's ghait,  
 Wha in the garrets aften tooly,  
 An' shore them wi' a bloody gully.

Thus I ha'e sung in hamelt rhyme,  
 A sang that scorns the teeth o' time ;  
 Yet modestly I hide my name,  
 Admiring virtue mair than fame.  
 But tent ye wha despise instruction,  
 An' gi'es my wark a wrang construcion,  
 Frae 'hind my curtain, mind I tell ye,  
 I'll shoot a satyre through your belly :  
 But wha wi' havins jees his bonnet,  
 An' says, Thanks t'ye for your sonnet,  
 He shanna want the praises due  
 To generosity. Adieu.

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VERSES  
WRITTEN ON THE LAST LEAF  
OF THE  
BANNANTYNE MANUSCRIPT,  
IN THE ADVOCATE'S LIBRARY.  
NEVER BEFORE PRINTED.

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On the EVERGREEN being gathered out of this Manuscript by ALLAN RAMSAY, who had the loan of it from the Hon. Mr. WILLIAM CARMICHAEL, brother-german to the EARL of HYNDFORD.

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IN seventeen hundred twenty-four,  
Did Allan Ramsay keen-  
ly gather from this Book, that store  
Which fills his Evergreen.

Thrice fifty and sax towmonds neat,  
Frae when it was collected ;  
Let worthy Poets hope good fate,  
Through time they'll be respected.

( 123 )

Fashion of words and wit may change,  
And rob in part their fame,  
And make them to dull fops look strange,  
But sense is still the same :

And will bleez bright, to that clear mind  
That loves the ancient strains,  
Like good Carmichael, patron kind,  
To whom this book pertains.

JULY 6. }  
1726. }

F I N I S,

QUOAD

ALLAN RAMSAY.



